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THE LAST STRAW ON THE CAMEL'S BACK.

THE DYING SCENE IN THE FARCE OF "THE REPUBLICAN PARTY," TO SLOW MUSIC BY MATT CARPENTER'S UNRIVALED BRASS BAND.

U. S. G.—"This poor old beast has so long been staggering under its burden, that we must throw off a few of the monstrosities if we would make it rise with me. I must unload."
RING-MASTER MORTON—"Climb on, Pinchback. The old thing can stand another straw; and if it can't rise, we'll throw off Grant, and so unload."
CAMERON—"Mr. President, if you persist in driving this performing animal for your own benefit, you will ruin it as a beast of burden. It was not raised for your benefit."
TOM MURPHY—"These fellows are only making the old man mad. He'll have his own way, and throw them all off before he gets through."

FRANK LESLIE'S
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FRANK LESLIE, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

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NEW PARTIES.

GENERAL GRANT'S fight upon the leaders of the Republican Party has at last resulted in a fight of the leaders upon him. This statement is not a premature guess. Evidences of disruption are so plain that the humblest voter may see them.

It must be remembered that General Grant was a positive but not a working Democrat, and that when he was chosen as President by the Republican Party, the leaders considered it necessary to tutor him in the policy that he must pursue in order to hold his foster-party together. For New York, Mr. Conkling taught him how to preserve Republican majorities in the State. For Indiana, Mr. Morton prescribed the desirable number of political loaves and fishes. And it was well known that the policy to be pursued towards the Republican forces in Wisconsin was the idea of Mr. Carpenter.

But President Grant's personal likes, acquired during a life that was not short, were so strong as partially to conflict with the purposes of the leaders. He liked such a man as Thomas Murphy, and Mr. Conkling subdued his own elegant desires, and acquiesced in Mr. Murphy's selection for Collector of the Port of New York. Mr. Cameron was compelled to be pleased with the appointment of a stupid, unpartisan rich man, in the person of Mr. Borie. There was really a race for the power of the President. The leaders wanted it, and he wanted it himself; and the President won. He nominated Mr. Williams for Chief-Justice, and the leaders rebelled. He nominated Caleb Cushing, and the leaders refused to confirm him. They confirmed Mr. Waite because they had no political reason to refuse to do so.

The rupture has at last come, and the plans of the two factions are fairly known. The President's action in regard to Louisiana, though vacillating and blundering, shows that he has never fully entered into the policy of the party, nor had a liking for it. He is really in favor of the white people of the South. The nomination of Caleb Cushing, and the threatened nomination of Judge Black, were indications of Grant's new plan. His refusal to interfere with the politics of Texas was a positive victory for the white Democrats of that State. What communications he may have had with the Democratic leaders do not appear, though they cannot have been very extensive or they would have leaked out. There is in Congress, however, a certain lack of Democratic criticism of the President, which may indicate either a tacit bargain, or a sagacious belief of the Democrats that the President will voluntarily facilitate their plans. The President's firmest friend is General Butler, who believes that Democracy should be radical. Mr. Conkling and Mr. Carpenter will probably be the leaders of the Presidential forces in the Senate, with Mr. Butler in the House. The story that Mr. Sumner and Mr. Fenton have consented to accept the President's policy lacks all evidence of truth, aside from Mr. Sumner's support of Caleb Cushing.

The leading opponents of the President are Mr. Morton, in the Senate, and Speaker Blaine, in the House, and they carry with them the rank and file of their party. Mr. Morton's inflation speeches and sudden disrespect for book-farming would seem to indicate his approach towards the farmers of the West. He is an able leader, and he is moreover a formidable opponent of the witty Senator Carpenter. If the recent course of the New York Times is continued, that paper will be on the side of the Indiana Senator. The attacks of the Washington Republican, the President's organ, upon the Times, show that the Administration expects no support from the New York journal.

Meanwhile, the Independents are carefully watching the struggle, the Herald, however, having already taken a position in favor of the President's policy. The Tribune gives praise to Senator Booth, of California, and to William Walter Phelps, of New Jersey, the most promising of the new men added to Congress.

A recent remark of Senator Cameron's, that the President is breaking up the party, shows that the old leaders of Republicanism will not follow the President upon his new adventure; and words attributed to the President himself

are so strong as to make it seem probable that he would much rather affiliate with the conservative white element of the South, and with the Grangers of the West, than to preserve his relationship with Morton and Blaine. The latter are thoroughly partisan, and believe that men as good as Grant or Conkling can be found to head the ticket. The President's action appeals to the troubled sentiments of the Opposition; and Senator Morton believes that nothing is so strong as the fealty of Republicans to their party. But neither Grant nor the Republicans can have blundered for six years without reaping some of the evil result; and Senator Morton cannot rid the party of the President without impeaching him. If he does have him impeached, he will raise a new party about the President, that will leave him as soon as it receives his patronage.

THE LOUISIANA MESS.

AGAIN the Louisiana question is before the Senate, and has given rise to an elaborate and somewhat bitter dispute between two of the best Republicans in that body, Mr. Morton, of Indiana, and Mr. Carpenter, of Wisconsin. One portion of the Federal Government, in violation of the Constitution, has done a great wrong to the State of Louisiana, which cannot be remedied without a greater violation by the whole Government. This is a most shameful muddle to be confessed by prominent members of a great Party, as a result of their domination in the government of the country; but it is a muddle which plainly exists. The history of it, in brief, is this: An election for State officers and a Legislature was held in Louisiana in November, 1872. The State Government at the time consisted of Warmoth, Governor, and a Republican Legislature. The law required the returns of the election to be canvassed by a board consisting in part of State officers and in part of other persons. A board favorable to Warmoth received the returns and had them in its possession. By a process too complicated to be readily described another board came into existence, made up partly of the other board and partly of new members. The first was known as the Wharton board; the second as the Lynch board. The first board had the returns; the second had few or none. The friends of Kellogg then sued out an injunction, in a Federal Court, forbidding the first board to act, and forbidding any one to exercise the powers of any office on a certificate issued under the authority of that board. Under this injunction the second board went through what is called a "canvass" of the votes. The Legislature was organized, Kellogg obtained possession of the government, and has it still.

Now, the issue of this injunction was an act of gross illegality. The Judge issuing it had not the remotest jurisdiction over its subject-matter. It was a usurpation, as everybody is agreed, and it gave rise to a continued series of usurpations. That no one denies. The President has become involved in the matter in two ways. First, he was appealed to by the Marshal of the United States Court for Louisiana for guidance, and he instructed the Marshal to enforce the orders of the Court. Of that no one complains. Second, he was appealed to by Kellogg to put down what that gentleman called an "insurrection." The "insurrection" consisted in an endeavor by Kellogg's rival to set up a State Government. Of course it was an "insurrection" only if the Kellogg Government was a bona fide State Government. The President decided that it was, and he scattered the friends of McEnery by a sweeping proclamation, telling them to go about their business in twenty days, or he would let loose the dogs of war on them, or words to that effect. Of this many do complain, and justly.

The question comes up before the Senate, by the appearance as a claimant for a seat from Louisiana of one P. B. S. Pinchback, elected by the Legislature seated by Durell's terrible injunction, and with a commission from Kellogg. Of Pinchback we have no inclination to say much. His private reputation is his own, and does not concern us. His reputation as a politician is very bad. He is reckless, unscrupulous, tricky, and has not even an idea of what law or honor requires in public life. There is no doubt that his admission to the Senate would be a national disgrace. His right to a seat there is defended by Mr. Morton with considerable ingenuity, though we think that even Morton regrets that he is called on to advantage so mean a man. Carpenter opposes Pinchback's admission on the ground that there has been no legal election in Louisiana, and he proposes that Congress shall order one.

It seems to us the remedy is worse than the disease. There is no authority in the Constitution for any such course. The Constitution, it is true, guarantees to every State a republican form of government, but the Government of Louisiana is republican in form. True, there has been an outrageous abuse of the republican system; but it has not been destroyed. If it might be allowed to the United States Government to intervene to give the people of a State a chance to elect their officers, it would only be at the last moment, when no other means remained open to accomplish that end. This is not now the case in Louisiana. If it be asked if the act by which a Federal Judge caused the intervention of the United States Government to the prejudice of

liberty in the State must go unpunished, we should say no; certainly not. Punish the Judge who committed it. Strip off his robes and turn him loose, branded, as he should be, a usurper and a disgrace to the Bench. But, in the name of free government, do not let us allow Congress to punish one usurpation by another far greater and far worse.

SENATOR CARPENTER.

THE Congressman who has made the most decided mark during the present session is Senator Carpenter, of Wisconsin. Not only has he shown himself a capable presiding officer, but he has proved himself a bold political leader. Few men in his position would have had the courage to take the stand he has taken on the Louisiana question. But he is brave only in going to an opposite extreme to his party's policy. The Kellogg government cannot be shown to be anything but a usurpation. Unfortunately, however, the policy of upholding this usurpation has been forced upon the dominant party in Congress by the Administration. The result is a dilemma from which it is not easy to extricate either the party or the party leaders. To put McEnery in power would be in itself a condemnation of General Grant. To sustain Kellogg longer is to sustain what the whole country regards as a fraud upon the people of Louisiana; not to sustain him is also condemnatory of the policy hitherto pursued. In this dilemma Morton, and other Senators, reckoned bold men, went straight forward in wrongdoing. Having assented to the crime, they cling to it with the tenacity of despair, for they see only stultification in any other course. But Carpenter would cut the knot instead of attempting to untie it. He would set aside both Kellogg and Kellogg's rival, and send the whole question back to the people, believing that when the people have their rights the wrong will be forgotten and forgiven. In this one act we have a better insight into Senator Carpenter's character than could be obtained by months of study of the man as he appears to cursory eyes in the gallery of the Senate chamber. We believe he is wrong only because in surrendering Kellogg he hates to surrender to McEnery. He is so far true to himself and to Grant; but honest as he is, he is still a partisan.

It is a peculiarity of the United States Senate that while it contains only seventy-four members it is impossible to study it in detail. One may sit in the gallery for months, and yet be unable to recognize the majority of the Senators in the street. They have no more individuality than the chairs on which they sit. There are exceptions to this, of course—Sumner, Sherman, Thurman, Schurz, Conkling, and notably Carpenter. The eyes of the visitor are sure to be attracted by the burly Senator from Wisconsin, whether he be in or out of the President's chair. Some things in his character become plain at a glance. His manners and his clothes are Western in cut and fashion. Indeed, his garments hang about him so loosely, and yet so jauntily, that we should not expect to find him a preacher of Puritan principles. But his hair, which can only be described by the word "sturdy," indicates a disposition to do right in any event. If he is wrong, he at least is in earnest, and his earnestness is further impressed by his swagger, which, unlike Conkling's, is not pedantic, but easy, good-natured and confident. In some respects Carpenter is very like Conkling. They are both not exactly dandies, but rather "swells"—the one the pouting swell of the East, and the other the prodigal swell of the West. They both pursue small things with the vigor other men would reserve for great occasions. Both have an antipathy to newspapers and newspaper men that amounts to aversion, and leads them to engage in tilts at the Press as ridiculous as Don Quixote's contest with the windmill. But here the parallel ends. Conkling's manner leads us to expect more than he accomplishes. From Carpenter we anticipate less than he achieves. The Wisconsin Senator has none of that personal magnetism which impresses a sense of his abilities upon the imagination. When he rises to speak he excites no expectation, and his success is a surprise. It may be these contradictory qualities which have given him the place he now occupies before the country; but whatever may be the immediate causes of his rapid growth in political favor, it is certain that if he is careful of himself, and restrains an undeveloped tendency here and there, he is only in the beginning of his career.

The study of men like Senator Carpenter has a special interest at this time. This is a transition epoch in American politics. The politicians of ten years ago are either dead or about to die. Thaddeus Stevens broke down while still in harness. Greeley was killed by political blackguards. Sumner is only a memory of his physical and mental powers. Cameron is seventy-five years old. Trumbull has dropped out of politics. Colfax and Dawes and Garfield and Kelley were all ruined by the Crédit Mobilier. There only remain Morton and Conkling and Carpenter and Blaine and Butler, and the undeveloped youngsters now in Congress. These will be looking for the Presidency till death or disaster overtakes them. Morton might be Pre-

sident, but it is doubtful if the country would trust him. Conkling aspires, but he is sometimes too aspiring. Blaine's ambition is of the vaulting kind that overleaps itself. Butler is not even backed by his own State. Other men may come out of obscurity and carry off the prize, as Pierce did in 1852, and Lincoln in 1860; but of those already handicapped for the race, Carpenter has as good a chance as any. During the next three years the Wisconsin Senator's career will be full of interest; and as the foundation of his Presidential chances, his course in the Louisiana affair is especially interesting at this time.

THE FARMERS' UNION.

IT was only the other week that our able contemporary, the Nation, thought that the Farmers' movement in the West, which had begun with a great flourish, had suddenly died out. Yet, within a few days the Grangers have taken political possession of Kansas—the Banner State of Republicanism—and have, in a great convention at St. Louis, demonstrated the strength of their numbers and the power of their purpose. Their organization really had a slow beginning, and has so far shown no signs of ending; thus practically traversing the Nation's idea that it went up like a rocket and came down like a stick.

The opening speech of Grand Master Adams before the St. Louis convention is wise in its moderation, and it shows that the idea of the Farmers is not a wild chimera, but a well-planned purpose. The speech coincides with some of the points of argument that we proposed in an article last week; and while it wisely urges the Farmers not to become a part of a political machine, it as wisely proposes that they shall lend their social influence towards the solution of commercial and political problems. Aside from the technicalities of organization, the Farmers' two purposes, as they appear in Grand Master Adams's address, are, first, the establishment, by private, but united, enterprise of agencies for the cheap wholesale purchase of the necessities of life and of utensils for farming; and second, the influencing of Government to fix just rates of tariff for the transportation of produce.

In the first purpose are the germs of a widespread system of co-operation. The agencies have arranged to obtain sewing-machines at a reduction of nearly one-half on the old rates; and efforts for purchasing other goods have resulted as successfully. But plans for greater co-operation are proposed, and able men are examining the system of co-operative store-keeping, as practiced at Rochdale, and among many other labor societies, and proposing a method for the establishment of factories for manufacturing mowers and reapers.

The plan proposed by the Farmers for the regulation of transportation is that the State Government should appoint disinterested men to ascertain what rates are just, both to the railroads and to the people. Grand Master Adams argues that when Government says it charters a railroad "for the development of the State, and that, on the ground that the public good demands its construction, you must sell your right of way and we will allow you a reasonable compensation therefor," he answers that Government should add: "The public good demands that you carry freights and persons at reasonable rates, which you must henceforth do, and we (the Government) will decide what those rates shall be." This paper last week said: "Government may impose conditions upon franchises and charters. It often has—for instance, where railways have been debarred from charging more than a certain number of cents a mile for their passenger tariff; the reason for the imposition of the condition being that the uses of the railways were public, and that the disadvantages they caused were so public that the people should have some of the privileges." The Grangers demand that the State shall impose the conditions upon old lines of railway, if it can first ascertain what conditions are just to the railways themselves. They wish to commit no wrong; and a more honest body of men than that assembled at St. Louis never met in convention. They already have representatives in Congress who will argue their claims. The intellectual and social purposes of their organization are far in advance of anything ever before undertaken in America on a large scale; and while they cling honestly together social anarchy and un-American uprisings are impossible.

EDUCATING APE.

MR. FRANK BUCKLAND is known to every one who is interested in zoological subjects as a close observer of the habits of animals. He has a love for the dumb creatures, which, if distributed among a few score of his fellow-men, would enable them to form a society for the prevention of whatever fails to please animals of any sort, which would vastly surpass in enthusiasm and energy the society over which Mr. Bergh presides. Mr. Buckland is acquainted slightly with the pet chimpanzee of the London Zoological Gardens, and has formed a high estimate of that ape's character and capacities. We need not, therefore, be surprised to hear that he has proposed to the Zoological Society to educate the chimpanzee

and to teach him to speak English. This offer has been accepted, and ere this Mr. Buckland is doubtless instructing the ape in English, by a course of six, or more, easy lessons, given gratuitously, instead of at the usual price of one guinea each.

Old fashioned people, who still cling to the primitive idea that reason is the especial property of man, and that animals perform processes of reasoning by the aid of instinct alone, will regard Mr. Buckland's enterprise as an entirely chimerical one. On the other hand, the enthusiastic Darwinian will look upon the attempt to educate the ape as a noble recognition of the close relationship between the teacher and his pupil. Meanwhile the rest of the public, who are neither as closely bound by prejudice as those who deny reason to animals, nor as sanguine as Mr. Buckland himself and the other Darwinians, will await the result of the experiment with a great deal of interest.

Why should not the chimpanzee be taught to speak English words? We can teach parrots to articulate, but their vocal organs do not begin to resemble ours as closely as do the ape's, and they have very little of the imitative faculty which distinguishes the whole Simian race. The ape can be taught to do a large variety of interesting and even useful acts, and there is really no reason to suppose that there is any insuperable difficulty in the way of teaching him to speak. But, between teaching a parrot or an ape to speak certain words, and teaching either of them to talk, or to express consecutive ideas by appropriate words, there is a wide difference. If we hold that animals are wholly devoid of reason, the possibility of teaching an ape to talk is, of course, out of the question. But every man who has intelligently studied the dog, the horse, the monkey, the elephant—indeed, almost all the animals that are susceptible of domestication, has had abundant proof that they can reason. They have, it is true, an instinct which we do not perceive in man—though, for all that, it may exist to a greater or less extent. Certain curious operations, such as the building of the bees' hexagonal cells, are performed wholly by instinct; but there is an amount of evidence going to prove that dogs, for example, draw deductions from premises in precisely the same way in which men perform similar processes of reasoning, which is absolutely irresistible. The dog differs from us mentally in that he possesses more instinct and less power of reasoning than we possess, but that he, and many other animals, including the ape, can and habitually do reason, no man who is familiar with animals can for a moment doubt.

The chimpanzee who is Mr. Buckland's pupil possesses thus the power to reason, to some extent, and in all probability the power—undeveloped as yet—to articulate words. Whether he can be taught to talk depends solely upon the amount of his intellectual power. If his brain is inert or weak as that of the thorough idiot, who reasons but feebly and in whom the workings of instinct are conspicuously present, the attempt to teach him to talk will very probably fail. But careful effort has rarely failed to impart to all save the worst class of idiots the power to express ideas by articulate language. Now, the chimpanzee is far more intelligent than certain idiots whom philanthropic physicians have, after infinite pains, brought out of the bondage of dumbness. There is, therefore, fair reason to hope that Mr. Buckland may teach his uncouth pupil to converse—not, of course, with exceptional brilliancy of epigram, but with sufficient facility to enable him to express his wants, and to break down for ever the barrier which has hitherto shut him out from humanity.

And here comes in the question, what sort of being shall we call the chimpanzee who can talk English, and, *a fortiori*, can be civilized and made actually a member of society? Surely he can no longer be classed among the dumb animals. What else can we do but recognize him as a variety of the great human family; a four-handed man, who is dressed with a complete garment of hair, and whose facial angle is rather more sharp than that of the negro. And what an immense impetus the success of Mr. Buckland would give to the spread and acceptance of the Darwinian theory. There might still be a question whether men are descended from apes, or apes from men; but that the two belong to the same species would no longer be capable of doubt.

But the most important and astounding result of the education of Mr. Buckland's chimpanzee would be the spread of education among other animals of the Simian species. The reclaimed chimpanzee, properly clothed in English trousers, coat and boots, would doubtless be dispatched to the coast of Africa as a missionary to his brother apes. A society for the education and civilization of apes, baboons and monkeys would be formed, and native Simian teachers would be employed, as fast as the original chimpanzee could reclaim them, to spread the English language and the views of Exeter Hall among their quadrumanal brethren. Before half a century should have come and gone the forests of Africa and South America would echo with the chattering of apes and monkeys, who would debate questions of local interest in English, and would wholly lay aside the barbarous jargon which they now use. No longer would the

rude apes of the Gaboon shock the timid female missionary by their undraped gambols; but, clothed in calico and stovepipe hats, they would ceremoniously call at her cottage and offer their aid in the work of civilizing the ruder negro. The chimpanzee and the gorilla would be found among the delegates to the Evangelical Alliance, and we should doubtless be called upon to recognize the independence of a baboon republic on the borders of Liberia, and to receive orang-outang ambassadors from the Sumatran Archipelago. Sad, indeed, would it be if the reclaimed apes should imitate the vices of their human brethren, and from despising their negro cousins proceed to enslave them. Africa as a negro continent is by no means a pleasant place, but were it to pass wholly under the domain of semi-civilized and particularly cruel apes, who should reduce the negroes to abject bondage, and while living by the fruit of slave labor should employ their four idle hands—not to speak of the prehensile tails of their monkey allies—in all sorts of mischief, we should have reason to look upon Mr. Frank Buckland as the enemy of the human race; a Frankenstein who had produced a much more hideous and dangerous monster than the Frankenstein of Mrs. Shelley's weird and fantastic romance.

EDITORIAL TOPICS.

The number of Grangers is 751,255, and within three months will be a million.

The Grangers of Kansas have forced a United States Senator upon the Republican Party, and the settlers of the Osage are possibly safe from the railway lobby which is endeavoring to rob them of their lands.

GENERAL GRANT is disposed to be friendly with the new Senator Withers, of Virginia, and, considering that the Senator is an old Confederate soldier and an ultra Southern man, the friendship is significant in its relation to Grant's new departure towards—Galena.

CONGRESSIONAL sentiment indicates that the volume of currency will neither be expanded nor contracted. The unequal proportion of the National Bank circulation possessed by Eastern institutions will be transferred to the banks of the West which have not received their proper allowance.

ADVOCATES of co-operation thankfully learn that the Patrons of Husbandry have established agencies for obtaining goods of all descriptions at wholesale prices. If they will now start their own flouring-mills, and continue to attract the mechanical industries to the regions where not only grain, but iron, cotton and flax are abundant, they may save freightage, with no thanks to the railroads.

THE Washington correspondent of the St. Louis *Republican* thinks that after the consummation of the threatened division of the Republican Party, both the New York *Tribune* and the *Times* will take sides with the party of Senator Morton. On the contrary, the *Tribune* appears to favor the Independent movement that finds its greatest champion in Governor Booth and its future on the rostrum. The *Tribune's* vigorous assaults upon the caucus is a protest against the system in which Senator Morton has always found his political strength.

CONGRESSMAN WILLIAM WALTER PHELPS, of New Jersey, who is spending his first session in Congress, has taken a first place at a single bound. Unlike Canning, who waited a year before speaking, he has suddenly become one of the most promising men in the House. He has made one witty speech, and has presented an amendment to the Financial Bill, which has found general acceptance. With half the newspaper editors of New York for his personal friends, and with an unstained record, he will probably be a leading candidate for the succession to Senator Stockton.

AMONG the new social movements in the country, the Woman's Whisky War in Ohio has brought the most surprising results. The ladies turned out, going by twos and threes, and then by hundreds, to village barrooms, expostulating with the owners, and asking leave to sing and pray. What they could not accomplish by entreaty they achieved by shaming the most respectable drinkers into forsaking their usual places of resort. These were brave women who had suffered, and they accomplished greater good by moral suasion than the whole constabulary of Massachusetts have effected with writs of law. The movement is becoming widespread, and it shows how ready American men and women are to rise in social action at unexpected moments. No other nation in the world could have developed so great resolution and courage as these noble women have shown. Hereafter it will be a disgrace for men to drink in the village barrooms of Ohio.

SIGNS OF THE TIMES.

AN Erie Canal boat has been named after Wilkie Collins. Probably the Collins line.

THE mean thief of Louisville who steals crape from bell-knobs has several times come near death's door.

A WESTERN man showed recently that he could skate for twenty-four consecutive hours. His wife takes in washing.

THERE is a wide discussion of the question excited by Professor Goldwin Smith, whether Americans

love the English. It isn't the English people that the Americans dislike—it is the perplexing English language.

SINCE the ladies of Ohio have begun their raids upon the barrooms, some plagiarist has remarked that Solomon in all his glory was not a raid like one of these.

WE have received a 7 x 9 weekly paper from a town in Ohio, with the request that if we quote any editorials from it we shall send the editor a marked copy. If we do, we will.

THE Pittsburgh *Commercial* calls Chief-Justice Waite "the babe of Genius." If Genius is to father all the little ones of the country, there will be no chance for the Foundling Asylum.

MURAT HALSTEAD wishes to know whether Grant will resign. If anybody will guarantee him his salary up to March 4th, 1877, at 12 m., sharp, he might resign for a few dollars bonus.

PROBABLY we have during the past three years seen the statement made—say a thousand times—that "Bellew will return next year." To tell the truth, we don't care whether he does or not.

WE commend the Winter humanity of the Kansas father who loves his daughter and her lover so greatly that he has taken off the front gate and had it hung in the parlor, so they can swing by the fire.

A MAN writes to us that he used to be a stonemason, but that he cannot get work at his trade, and wishes us to advise him what work to do. If we hear of any vacancies in the art critic departments of the Daily Press, we will let him know.

If Senator Morton will persist in having everything made of paper, he ought to import a number of Japanese artists. It is significant, though, that while the Japanese make handkerchiefs, pocket-books and houses of paper, they coin their currency out of silver.

THERE are journals which think that Chief-Justice Waite ought to have achieved greatness before he reached the Chair. They may find consolation if he does not shock the country by achieving any after he gets into it. Some men cannot be great, even in the most trying predicaments.

WHEN the brave women of the Mississippi Valley sing hymns all of a cold Winter's night before village barrooms, in order to scotch the snake in the glass, and then throw calcium lights upon men who wander towards the proscribed places of drinking, it is safe to believe that men will attend lodges less frequently than usual.

THE Grangers of the West will be pleased to know that in the city of New York men are organizing lodges which number among their members several persons who are much interested in the problem of getting to the East, as speedily and cheaply as possible, all the surplus grain of the West, in a fluid state.

CONGRESSIONAL.

MONDAY, February 2d.—SENATE.—Resolution introduced to inquire into expediency of abolishing office of Committee of Internal Revenue. Louisiana case was debated at length. Bankruptcy Bill taken up and read. House Joint resolution for Court of Inquiry in case of General Howard was received and passed. HOUSE.—Several memorials were presented on District of Columbia affairs, and resolution for appointment of a Joint Committee by the President, to investigate the matter, was adopted. Articles of impeachment were presented against Judge Busted, of Alabama, and referred to Judiciary Committee. Committee on Coinage reported Bill for striking Centennial Medals, passed. Post Office Committee was authorized to report a Bill for free distribution of printed matter.

TUESDAY, February 3d.—SENATE.—Resolution of Georgia Legislature denying Mr. Stephens's assertion that colored citizens of that State did not wish passage of Civil Rights Bill was presented. Committee on Military Affairs reported unfavorably on Bill to arm and equip whole body of militia of the United States. Bill to increase number of paymasters in the army was reported favorably. Bill authorizing Committee on Printing to contract for reporting Senate debates passed. Bill to establish National Bureau of Health presented, and referred to Committee of Education and Labor. Finance Committee reported an amendatory Bill relating to increase of circulation of National Bank notes. On taking up the Bankruptcy Bill, the first six sections, as amended, were agreed to; pending discussion, Senate went into Executive session. HOUSE.—Bill authorizing National Bank of Hagerstown to change location and name passed. In Committee of the Whole the Army Appropriation Bill was taken up.

WEDNESDAY, February 4th.—SENATE.—Committee on Naval Affairs reported, with amendment, Bill to encourage establishment of marine schools. Bankruptcy Bill debate resumed. HOUSE.—Assa Hodges, of Arkansas, was declared entitled to a seat, and was sworn in. Bill to incorporate the Trans-Continental Railroad Company introduced. Army Appropriation Bill called. A substitute for a part was adopted. Chair filled vacancies in Committee on District of Columbia affairs.

THURSDAY, February 5th.—SENATE.—Joint resolution of House for joint committee to investigate District of Columbia affairs was presented and passed. Bill introduced to restore the rights of Louisiana. Committee on Post Office reported without amendment the House joint resolution on Postal Bills. Amendment to Naval Appropriation Bill made, providing for abolition of rank of Commander. Bill for the improvement of mouth of the Mississippi passed. Bankruptcy Bill called up. Mr. Frelinghuysen was excused from service on Committee on District of Columbia Affairs, and Mr. Conkling substituted. HOUSE.—Bill on practice in Territorial Courts passed. Bill to amend Act to encourage growth of timber passed. Debate recurred to Army Appropriation Bill, but no result was reached.

FRIDAY, February 6th.—SENATE.—Bill fixing compensation of witnesses in Senatorial investigations passed. Bill providing for bounty of \$100 to three months' soldiers passed. Bankruptcy Bill taken up, and amendment, limiting time to 90 instead of 40 days, was lost. The thirty-ninth section, with amendments, passed. A new amendment conferring jurisdiction in bankruptcy cases on any Circuit or District Court of the United States was agreed to. HOUSE.—A number of private Bills were reported and acted upon.

SATURDAY, February 7th.—HOUSE.—Debates on cheap transportation; against Patent and Tariff Monopolies; and on Civil Rights; Mr. Foot, of Illinois, in chair.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

DOMESTIC.

THE negroes are still leaving West Alabama by thousands. About 3,000,000 bushels of grain, half of which is said to be wheat, are locked up in the Erie Canal. The heavy rains in Connecticut have done much damage. California is deliberating upon a Bill to abolish capital punishment. Taunton (Mass.) farmers were plowing last week. All the newspaper compositors in Indianapolis are on a strike for increased prices. Manchester, N. H., has a Japanese who is learning the trade of a machinist. The new joss-house in San Francisco is approaching completion. Workmen are putting up the interior ornaments. The sacred inclosure, in which the idols are to be placed, is nearly complete; the slabs bearing allegorical figures, in *demi-relievo*, are unpacked, and in a few weeks all the big and little gods will fill their places. The managers of opera and theatres in New Orleans, aided by all the artists and professionals engaged therein, will give grand free *matinees* at noon, February 16th, on the occasion of the Carnival. The New Jersey Cranberry Growers' Association have sent two crates of fine cranberries to Queen Victoria, with printed directions as to the best manner of preparing them for the table. The mercury at Lancaster, N. H., was 46 degrees below zero two weeks ago. One hundred employees of the New York and Oswego Midland Railroad chained locomotives to the track, spiked switches, and tore up the track at Summitville during the last strike. The ship carpenters now on a strike in Philadelphia have determined to make direct contracts for the repair of vessels, as well as shipbuilding. They guarantee that all work shall be done in a first-class manner, as they are composed of the skilled mechanics of every shipyard in the city. A single company at Montpelier, Vt., sold eleven thousand sleds for children last Winter. Nine hundred Celestians landed in San Francisco within three months. In one town in Louisiana grapes are growing, whilst in another snow-balls are flying. The total number of banks in this State is 80. People are starving in Southwestern Minnesota. Flour and grain are being sent to them, and the Legislature has made relief appropriations. The New York Post Office contains 500,000 cubic feet of granite. A company has been organized in Kansas for tanning buffalo-hides. Fashion's advance guard is at Cape May and Atlantic City, looking after Summer quarters. New Orleans claims a population of 230,985. Among the new police appointees of Newark are two colored men, the first ever appointed in the State of New Jersey. Several hundred young trout and 30,000 salmon-fry, from the Troutdale breeding ponds at Bloomsbury, N. J., passed through New York recently on their way to the streams of Suffolk County, Long Island. The barrooms of Worcester, Mass., are to be visited by a praying band headed by Dr. Dio Lewis. A national Schuetzenfest is to be held in Baltimore in August. It is said that 115 railroad companies are in default in interest account, the total indebtedness amounting to \$27,000,000. Coal is \$2 a ton cheaper in Chicago than at the beginning of Winter. A volume of the literary productions of the late George D. Prentice is soon to be published by his daughter-in-law, Mrs. Clarence Prentice. Six tons of Australian mails went West by the Union Pacific Railroad last week. In 1856 Pithole had 1,000 pumping-wells. Now it has two. Since the beginning of the Government, it has given away 74,032,800 acres of land to soldiers. Many of the Pennsylvania farmers predict an entire failure of the fruit crops this year.

FOREIGN.

THE English Government has decided to distribute provisions in the famished districts of India. A prince, thirty-eight years old, has died in Paris of diphtheria. The anvil for the thirty-ton steam-hammer, to be erected at the Woolwich Arsenal, England, will weigh sixty tons; the anvil-block weighs one hundred and three tons, and took six months to cool. Altogether, six hundred and sixty tons of iron will be used in the foundation work. Amber has been discovered in the Carlsburg Mountain, in Prussia. The carpet manufacturers of England and Scotland have agreed to advance the wages of their workmen ten per cent. It is said that the Viceroy of India has just signed a treaty with Siam promoting commerce between Burmah and Zimmo, with a view of protecting the timber trade and preventing crime. The Paris police force costs annually about \$10,500,000. There are 6,800 ordinary police officers. Wild horses have become so numerous in Australia that farmers kill them in order to protect their crops. Last year was the first in which the imports of foreign and colonial merchandise into Great Britain exceeded the value of £1,000,000 sterling a day. The total is put at £370,380,472. The exports of British and Irish produce and manufactures averaged nearly £700,000 a day, the total being £253,073,336. The elections which have taken place in Great Britain since last accounts show no gain by either Liberals or Conservatives. Mr. Disraeli has declared against the repeal of the income-tax. In Alsace it is said the French candidates for the German Reichstag have been elected by overwhelming majorities. Russia is printing many thousands of copies of the Koran for her Mussulman subjects. Her object is to convince the believers in Islam that she is far more tolerant to their faith than England is. Of the fifty-six thousand cholera cases in Russian Poland, twenty-six thousand were fatal. The Germans are using iron shields in some of their land fortifications. There is talk of building a new church for Spurgeon, in London. The immense balloon, *La Condor Transatlantique*, it is said will soon leave Paris for the United States, under the guidance of M. Peiterin. Over three thousand four hundred musical works were published in Paris in 1873. In the library of the Conservatoire of Paris has been placed De l'Isle's harpsichord, on which the Marcellaise was first played. It is reported that the Turkish Government has ordered the construction in England of an ironclad corvette, to cost \$600,000. Foreign commerce in Salvador, which had fallen off since the great earthquake, is reviving, and the work on the railroad is progressing. The late fire in Constantinople destroyed more than a hundred houses, including the residence of the Grand Vizier. The *German News* says that next Spring the German navy will not only furnish several ships for a survey of the Baltic, but it is also intended to commission several ironclad ships to form a squadron of exercise. The loss of the Grand Hotel, recently burned in Vienna, is estimated at several millions, but the whole property was insured. A new submarine cable, a part of the system which will ultimately place in telegraphic connection all the more important West India Islands, is being laid between Jamaica and Porto Rico. Upwards of eighty miles, or one-third, of the Persian railroad from Resht to Teheran have been surveyed by Reuter's engineers. The earthworks are being continued in the direction of Rustamabad. The ballast and sleepers are partly laid. The first consignment of rails has arrived at Baku, on the Caspian Sea. The site of the terminus has been fixed at Enzelli, near Resht. Dr. Tietze, of the Imperial Austrian Mining School, sent out by Baron Reuter for geological research in Persia, reports the existence of extensive coal-fields near Casvin. The floor of a factory in Bury, Lancashire, where a Liberal meeting was being held, gave way, and precipitated a large number of people to the story below. Six persons were killed, and others fatally injured. The republic of Costa Rica is turning all its attention to railroads and other internal improvements. The arrival of the first locomotive at Cartage, on the 18th of December, was the occasion of feasts and rejoicings.

The Pictorial Spirit of the Illustrated European Press.—SEE PAGE 391.



AFRICA.—THE ASHANTEE WAR—PANORAMIC VIEW OF CAPE COAST CASTLE.—SKETCHED FROM THE DECK OF THE "VOLTA."



ENGLAND.—THE CLERKENWELL HOUSE OF CORRECTION—PICKING OAKUM.



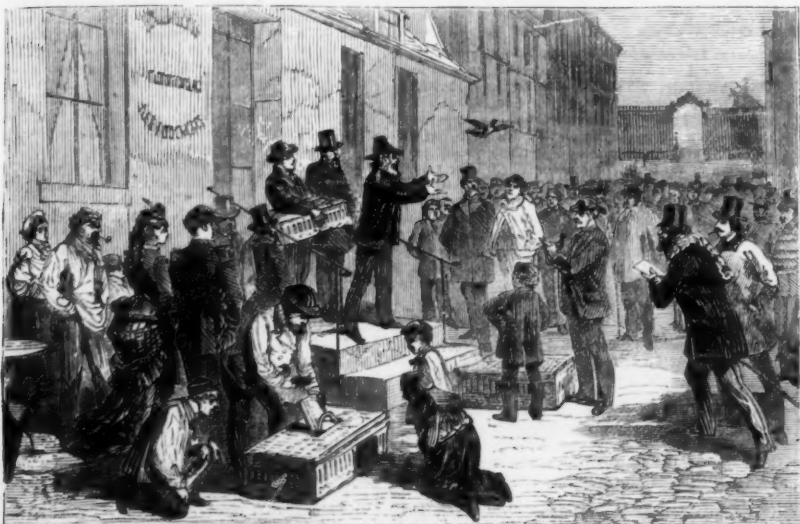
ENGLAND.—THE CLERKENWELL HOUSE OF CORRECTION—THE NEEDLE-ROOM.



AFRICA.—THE ASHANTEE WAR—ENGLISH AGENTS PAYING THE FANTEE WOMEN-PORTERS AT THE CASTLE.



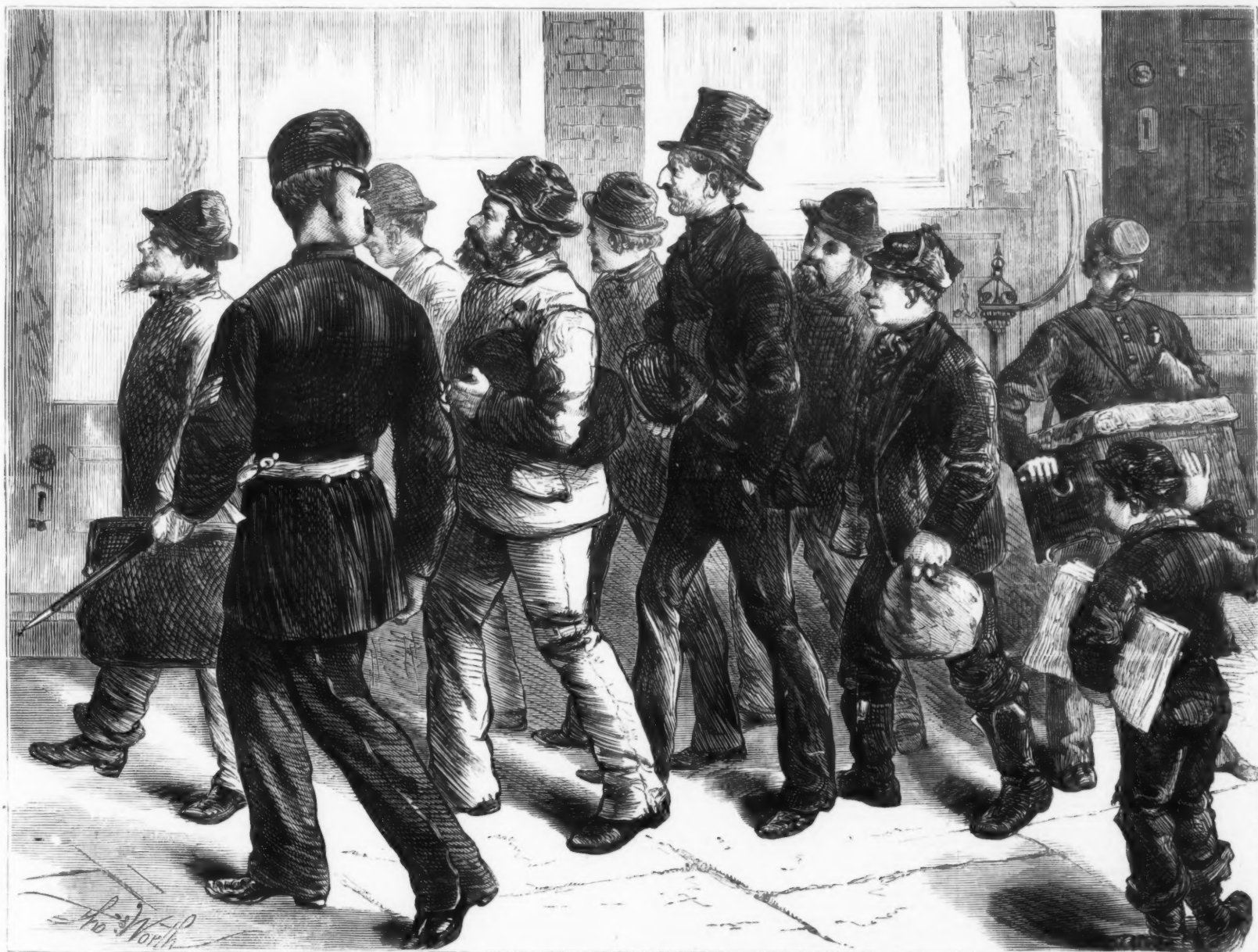
AFRICA.—THE ASHANTEE WAR—SUMMONING BEARERS TO THE CASTLE.



PARIS.—FLIGHT OF CARRIER-PIGEONS FOR THE PRESS SERVICE.



AFRICA.—THE ASHANTEE WAR—NEGRO WOMEN LEAVING THE CASTLE WITH PROVISIONS FOR THE ENGLISH TROOPS.



THE HARD TIMES IN NEW YORK—RECRUITS FOR THE ARMY.—SKETCHED BY THOMAS WORTH.

RECRUITS FOR THE ARMY.

IT is singular how much a suit of clothes adds to a man's appearance. Every one admires the appearance of soldiers in uniform. A man seems to lose his identity the moment he takes on the habiliments of war. A dozen ragged, dirty, ill-featured men march away with the recruiting officer, the sport of bootblacks and newsboys. But when they return an hour later in the uniform of their country they command respect. They are no longer idle, shiftless loungers. They represent the majesty of a Republic, and their gleaming bayonets send a thrill through the crowd. The distorted figures have disappeared. Every man has a dignified bearing, and all look soldierly and severe. Our illustration represents the ordinary rabble of the streets on their way to the recruiting office, and their appearance is ludicrous enough. One scarcely imagines that they are about to become defenders of the national honor.

THE REV. A. B. GROSCH.

ARON B. GROSCH was born seven miles northwest of Lancaster, Pa., May 22d, 1803, and removed to Marietta in 1806, where he received a

ingtonian (Temperance) Reform, preparing a manual and song-book, and editing the *Washingtonian* periodical. His health becoming impaired, he removed to Funkstown, Md., in 1844. In Fort Plain, N. Y., he wrote the "Odd Fellow's Manual," published in 1852, and since become a standard work in that Order. In 1863 he accepted a clerkship in the Department of Agriculture.

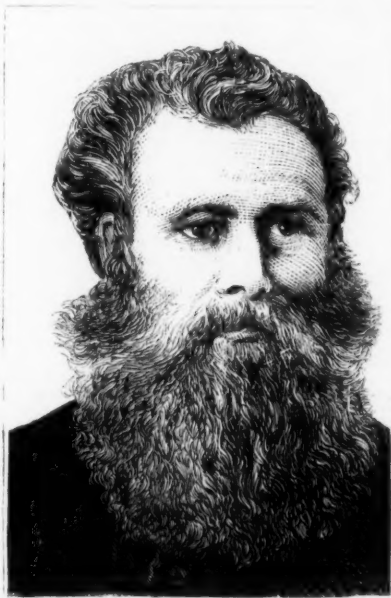
When the project of organizing the Patrons of Husbandry was first proposed, he entered into it

heartily, believing that agriculture is the foundation of all human progress, and that therefore to elevate and improve the condition of agriculturists, and thus improve agriculture, is the surest way to promote the welfare of mankind. He was prompt in attendance at the meetings of the National Grange, and of its Executive Committee, and was an active worker in the Subordinate Grange, organized to exemplify and test the working of the ritual. In the preparation and frequent revisions of that

ritual he bore a share, and is now one of the committee appointed by the National Grange for the thorough revision of the entire Manual of the Order. Having served as Chaplain for the first five years of the Order's existence, he was, in January, 1873, unanimously re-elected to that position.

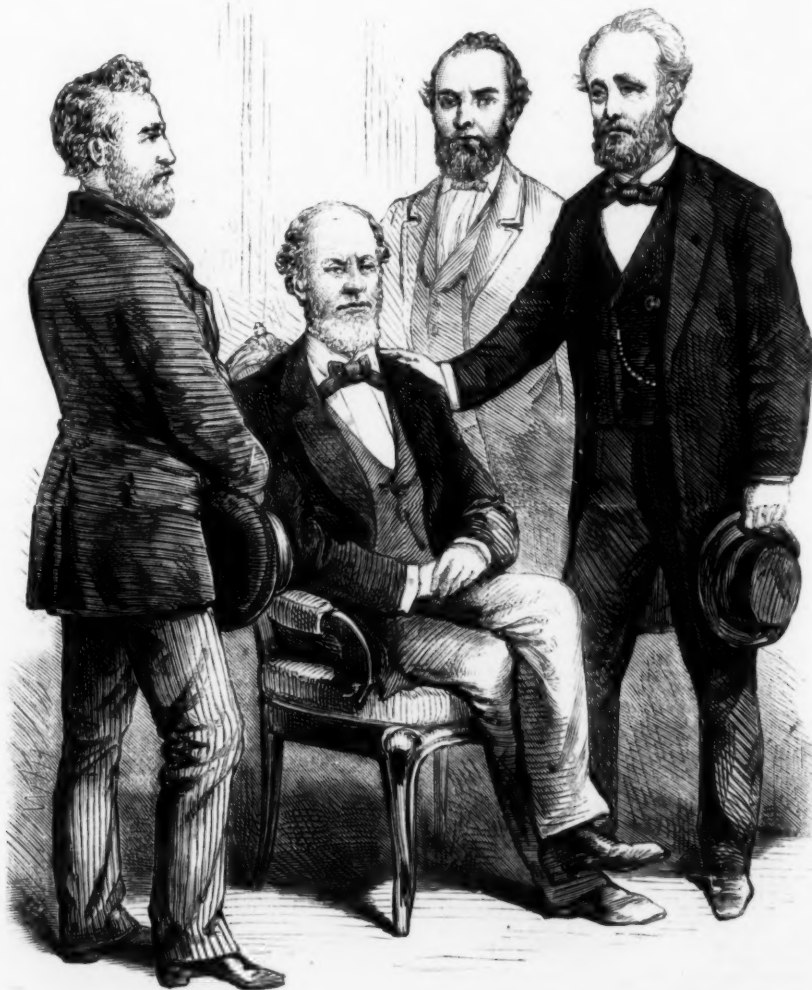
A SAN FRANCISCO MELODEON.

NO city in the world enjoys theatrical and variety entertainments more than San Francisco. The life of the 'Frisco has not always been domestic, and it is only of late years that he has thought of a home that was not one belonging to his childhood, far away in the States. When the miner comes down from the mountains to purchase an outfit, or to take his week's turn at trade, he sleeps and eats at one of the well-known miners' houses, the "Whatcheer" being the most prominent, and he spends his evenings seeing the sights. He will likely drop into a melodeon, where variety performances entertain the pastoral mind. But he is not alone in his attentions to Thespis; he will find himself in company with the seedy adventurer seeking to edit a paper, with the puffy old bachelor of a whisky merchant, with the Eastern drummer, and with the wharf b'boy. He may smoke, loll and speak out in



DUDLEY W. ADAMS, GRAND MASTER OF THE NATIONAL GRANGE.

common English education. At nineteen he engaged in teaching, continuing at that occupation for five years. In 1829 he embraced the profession of the Universalist ministry, and removed to Utica, N. Y. In 1831 he began printing and editing the *Evangelical Magazine and Gospel Advocate*, preaching in the region round about. He became an Odd Fellow in 1842, and was active in the Wash-



ST. LOUIS, MISSOURI.—THE NATIONAL GRANGE CONVENTION—A GROUP OF FARMERS AT THE SOUTHERN HOTEL DISCUSSING THE GRAND MASTER'S ADDRESS.—SKETCHED BY J. B. BEALE.—SEE PAGE 391.



REV. A. B. GROSCH, CHAPLAIN OF THE NATIONAL GRANGE.

meeting, and if he criticises the performance aloud, one of the dancing young ladies will only tell him to "shut up," which he thinks is very funny. Our illustration shows a melodeon of the "better class," the entertainment of the evening being the Parisian cancan. The audience, however, is a character study worthy of the artist who has sketched it.

UNFINISHED STILL.

A BABY'S boot and a skein of wool,
Faded and soiled and soft;
Old things, you say, and no doubt you're right,
Round a seaman's neck this stormy night,
Up in the yards aloft.

Most like it's folly, but, mate, look here:
When first I went to sea,
A woman stood on the far-off strand,
With a wedding-ring on the small, soft hand
Which clung so close to me.

My wife, God bless her! The day before
She sat beside my foot;
And the sunlight kissed her yellow hair,
And the dainty fingers, delf and fair,
Knitted a baby's boot.

The voyage was over; I came ashore;
What, think you, found I there?
A grave the daisies had sprinkled white;
A cottage empty and dark as night,
And this beside the chair.

The little boot, 'twas unfinished still;
The tangled skein lay near;
But the knitter had gone away to rest:
With the babe asleep on her quiet breast,
Down in the churchyard drear.

TRUMPING THE TRICK.

JOHN TRAHERNE, citizen of the United States of America, was sitting alone in the long dining-room of the Hotel de Lille et d'Albion, in the Rue Royale, at Paris, more than a quarter of a century ago. A grand-looking fellow was an American, with his South Carolinian sun-burn; with well-cut features and seventy-two inches of sinewy stature. There was breeding about the man. He was a typical unit; one of those specimens which suggests an unalloyed descent through generations of unmixed blood. The table-d'hôte dinner had long been over, and the waiters, after removing every object susceptible of removal from the table, by way of giving a hint to our hero to remove himself, had retired to solace their injured feelings by indulging in satirical commiseration for the absurd taste of those "inexplicable Americans" who could prefer solitude and cold coffee to the movement of a glittering card and hot Mocha.

Little cared John Traherne. With an unlighted cigar between his lips he sat twisting a toothpick, while his clear, acute eyes were steadily fixed upon an *epervier* of artificial flowers, a standing ornament, or otherwise, of the dinner-table. It was presumable, from his attire, that he was going somewhere. He was not the kind of individual that indulges in a "get-up" for a table-d'hôte dinner. There was something suggestive of a stall at the Italian Opera for the ballet (Fanny Ellsler was above the horizon then) in the immaculate white and rigorous black of his dress; or there might be a reception at the Embassy. Perhaps, more likely than either, the certain elaborateness of ornamentation pointed to a participation in one of those Lucullian episodes where "gormandize" flutters gaily, and Bacchus hides his obesity in flower-wreaths and coronals. Yes, the last was nearer the mark. The red and violet scintillations from the diamonds in the daintily embroidered shirt-front are rays of compliment to the appreciative eyes of Mademoiselle de Rose-Pompon, planet of the "half-world"—bitterly happy phrase by which Paris mocks what it worships. John Traherne was the unluckiest man in the world to wear diamonds for men. During the Summer and Autumn he had been rambling the Continent over—from Buda-Pesth to Andorra, from Rotterdam to Palermo; lingering with purposeless indolence, as it seemed, in one place; posting by relays with apparently objectless energy at others. While at Treviso he had encountered a tourist with whom he had contracted a close intimacy; *une amitié d'voyage*, as the French call it—a travelers' friendship. Victor de Chateau Renard, his intimate, was one of those Frenchmen, more frequently met with during the popular era of Louis Philippe's reign than since, whose orbit of travel never varied, and whose face was as familiar, consequent on frequent reappearances at the great centres of nomadic civilization, as the full moon after the first quarter. His antecedents, like the sand and shells, or what not, of the Atlantic Ocean, were assumed to be there, and to be the proper thing, and if the sounding-lead of curiosity ever plumbed the ocean of his existence, what do all sounding-leads bring up but a very small sample? His acquaintances were well chosen—not one person in a hundred ever remarks the absence of friends in an individual's crowd of acquaintances; his manners easy and self-contained; his conversation epigrammatic and slightly cynical; his store of ideas well classified, if not extensive in range, and useful because of their exclusive applicability to those realities which surge up most frequently in everyday social life. He would have dropped the acquaintance of a philosopher; in the first place, because he would probably not be affluent; in the second, because he would not be amusing. On the other hand, he would walk a mile to show a prince the way to his hotel, and after all not incur the charge of flunkysm. John Traherne had accompanied with him at the Italian lakes, the German spas, the Swiss hotels, the Tyrol passes, and now was waiting for him in the hotel dining-room, for our American was going to be introduced that night to the most celebrated adventuress in Paris, Aglae de Rose-Pompon, the most fashionable maelstrom of the *demi-monde*. It would have been a difficult matter to fit a key into the keyhole of John Traherne's thoughts as he sat with immovable composure looking at the brightly colored paper flowers. Were they across the Atlantic, those thoughts of his, in the restless scenery of transatlantic life with its breathless haste of movement, its realistic grooves of activity, so strongly in contrast with the effervescence that stood in lieu of activity there where he was? While he was waiting, were his thoughts busy with him for whom he was waiting, this companion who had amused him, ministered to his convenience, borrowed his money, promised him gratification? (*Edipus non sum*, but a mere merchant of the alphabet—the thoughts must develop themselves.

"Here I am, dear friend; not after my appointed time, I know, yet I am tempted to apologize for not being before it, since I see you so good-natured as to be patient, so patient as to be good-natured. For my part, if I am compelled to wait five minutes, for no matter what, my patience and good nature fail to loggerheads and fight until nothing is left of either except their claws, and with those I generally scratch whatever kept me waiting. Not even smoking? Come, throw away that *Londres*; there is not a good cigar in all Paris; you smoke them all in your continent of a country. Let me make you a cigarette."

Victor de Chateau Renard dropped into a chair as he spoke, and ran his eyes quickly, but critically, over his companion's person.

"No; I will not smoke, thank you, Chateau Renard. Your fair friend will distinguish between frangipanni and Turkish tobacco."

"Ah, bah! My friend, Rose-Pompon is not so difficult. If we were going to La Bragelonne, oh, then—"

He began to roll up a cigarette.

"If I were going to the Duchess of La Bragelonne, social equality permitted me not to ignore my tastes; but as I am going to La Rose-Pompon, I do not smoke to let her see I pass under the yoke of her pretension."

Chateau Renard leaned his head on his hand, and looked at Traherne, with a half-smile on his lips.

"And we call you Americans crude. Ah, happy people! that dares to have the courage of its convictions. Never mind; some day, when America has a titular aristocracy, it will be the haughtiest in the world. Well, if you will not smoke, shall we go and find Ricordet? He will be at the Café Riche, nursing his last glass of Clos Vougeot, to spin it out till we come. It is now eight o'clock; he will make us laugh for one half-hour—Ricordet is just equal to that—and at nine we can go to Rose-Pompon's."

Through the partially drawn folds of blue silk damask curtains bright rays of light streamed from the second-floor windows of a small detached villa, situated in a suburb of Paris. They fell upon the evergreens in the garden which surrounded it. The sound of hilarious voices also floated out. It fell and lost itself in the rippling tinkle of the eddies which the broad Seine sent swirling past, some hundred yards or so distant. The light was too obtrusive, the voices too hilarious, for the hour and scene. The latter claimed repose by some indefinable instinct; the former clashed with the instinct. The room whence both proceeded, was a triumph of upholstery skill; perfect taste had guided the selection of color and shape; prodigal wealth had wielded its resources to blend elegance and comfort. Marquetry and burl; Persian carpet and silken hangings; costly Sevres and exotic flowers; porcelain lamps and crystal girandoles; marble statuary and voluptuous paintings, with warm light cast through the tinted shades, and a faint odor of perfume, not heavy and incessant, but fresh and floating, pervading all.

For occupants, there were four men and a woman. "Place aux dames," says the old maxim. The woman was not beautiful, but irresistibly striking in appearance—tall, graceful and dangerous-looking. There was something suggestive of danger in the heavy, rich folds of her black velvet dress, which looked so black where it crossed her white bust in an unrelieved dark line; in the long, taper fingers, with their pinky nails, almost ostentatiously devoid of the extrinsic ornamentation of jewelry; in the large, thin-lipped mouth, coral-red in color, and the gleaming, pearly teeth; in the clearly marked, full eyebrows, overspreading luminous brown eyes, which appeared to possess a language of expression separate and uninfused by that of the other features. The abundant dark hair was closely wound in massive plaits round her head, interwoven with a single string of large pearls, the only ornament she wore, unless the narrow band of black velvet round the throat and wrists be considered such. She was Mademoiselle Aglae de Rose-Pompon, native of no one knew what country. She was so perfectly mistress of three European languages, as to be by turns credited to the nationality to which each was proper. Wealthy, with no one knew what fortune; powerful (in a way,) by no one knew what influence; fashionable (also in a way,) by virtue of that audacity which will not follow fashion in dress, manner or habits.

The men were our hero, Chateau Renard—a tall, rather unpleasantly handsome man, with an extremely pale face, and a dark-blue tinge on cheeks and chin, whence the hair was closely shaven; a Baron de Sévran, and his cousin, Monsieur Dupuis, both of whom Chateau Renard had introduced to John Traherne for the first time that night.

"Perhaps you know De Sévran?" he said, in a low tone, some time after. "He was *attaché* to our Ambassador at Washington."

Traherne, however, had never met the baron before.

Upon a porcelain-topped table, vividly painted with life-like flowers and fruit, were spread cards, bank-notes, pocket-books and gold coin. The four men were seated round it. Within arm's-length was another table, covered with wines and glasses of various tints and shapes; and so close to it that the folds of her dress pressed against it stood the hostess, scanning the faces of her guests, their cards, their stakes, and occasionally speaking a few words in a soft, musical tone, to suggest some thoughtful variation of or addition to their enjoyment.

"You are a *protégé*, Monsieur Traherne, of the most fickle of my sex," said she to our American. "You must be beyond the reach of her shafts, or else despise her very much. Fortune is constantly kind to none but those."

"Fortune had shot away her last evil shaft when you honored me with your invitation, Mademoiselle," replied John Traherne, looking up into the large brown eyes bent upon him, and meeting their gaze with easy steadiness; then to his adversary, "I propose."

The latter, De Sévran, shrugged his shoulders; "I am *désolé*, sir, but I must refuse. Play if you please. I mark the king."

The baron won the game (they were playing *carte*) and five hundred francs.

"Gentlemen, your game is finished, and I have a short remark to make. As Mr. Traherne was a stranger to me so recently—you see, sir, I am prompt to put a misfortune in the past tense," she inclined her head graciously to our hero as she spoke—"you must bear me out when I tell him that in my selfishness I belong to my guests only until two in the morning. My friends honor me and my house. Mr. Traherne, by treating the latter as their vale of Tempe, and indulgently tolerating the egotism of a woman who fears nothing so much as dimmed eyes and wrinkled skin. From two in the morning until dawn is the period at which these dreadful misfortunes haunt this bad world; so, a fair good-night, Messieurs *Mes Amis*. Nay, if you move, Mr. Traherne, you will indeed make me feel that I have been unwarrantably rude. You, Chateau Renard, are at home here; kindly take up the responsibilities I resign—in my vanity, Mr. Traherne; woman's weakness, you know, and her strength. Gentlemen, I salute you all."

Four o'clock. Faces flushed; hair no longer amenable to the law written by the *coiffeur*; cards strewn on the floor as well as the table; emptied decanters; the fumes of tobacco-smoke—such was the change two hours had wrought in the appearance of that charming boudoir. The one unchanged feature about it was presented by the appearance of John Traherne. Cool and free from every evidence of external or mental disorder, he sat sipping sparingly from a glass of *Veuve Clicquot* while his adversary, Baron de Sévran, shuffled the cards for the last game of *carte*—the last game for double or quits; twenty thousand francs or nothing. The game before had left our hero a winner of ten thousand.

Chateau Renard changed his seat, taking one whence he could see the cards held by Traherne. Dupuis did the like on the other side, watching the baron's play.

"Dupuis, pass us the Côte Rotie before the baron deals. Come, Traherne, one glass of Bordeaux to our Phryne's good health. Her wine is splendid. The ladies who live in virtuous places say the sawdust on the bottles is—hist!—Whisper it not—royal *sardust*. But virtuous ladies are so scandalous. The scandal eliminated from their character flies to their tongue. Try that wine, my friend."

Traherne steadily drained his glass.

"Wine is republican, not royal, Chateau Renard," said he, lightly. "Its principles are leveling."

"Ah, bah! do not slander our good wine," laughed De Sévran. "We know it used to be poured in libations to the gods."

"Oh, yes! Eros comes in for his libations still, baron."

"Ah, well; toleration for Eros," said Chateau Renard, with a shrug; "his worship supplies work for the plebs." As he spoke he pointed to the very "Parisian" paintings on the walls. "It is past four, gentlemen; for goodness sake, finish your game."

De Sévran, who had never ceased shuffling the pack, placed it on the table. "Cut, Monsieur Traherne, if you please."

The baron turned up the king of clubs.

"Ah, fortune lay hid in that last bottle of Côte Rotie," said he, smiling, as he marked the first point.

"And flew out of it when it was opened, like the evils out of Pandora's box," said Traherne, as he sorted his cards.

"Leaving hope for me, monsieur, at the bottom," added the baron, "so I will dive for her. Dupuis be so good—fill our glasses."

"May I propose, baron?"

De Sévran refused, and won the vote.

"Diab! Traherne, Rose-Pompon's friend of the wheel is wearying of you," said Chateau Renard.

Our American stretched out his legs and drained his glass again.

In the second deal Traherne won the trick, and the game stood at three to one.

Once more the baron dealt, after shuffling the pack vigorously, the while Traherne sipped his freshly replenished glass and criticised the color of the wine by holding it between his eye and the light.

"Clubs again!" exclaimed De Sévran, as he turned the trump card.

John Traherne set down his glass deliberately, and, before touching the hand dealt to him, quietly gathered up and pocketed the notes lying on the table before him.

De Sévran, who was ready to play, leaned back in his chair, awaiting his declaration with eyes fixed on his face.

Instead of taking up his own cards, however, our hero took the remaining portion of the pack in his grasp.

"What are you doing, *parbleu*!—my dear friend?" said Chateau Renard, touching his arm.

"Oh, nothing. I am only going to count the cards without turning them," said Traherne, with an impudently innocent look.

For a few moments the whole party, except Traherne, sat as if petrified. The latter during these moments counted the pack. There were but seventeen cards, instead of the proper twenty-one.

"Seventeen, and the four kings that you have on your knees, or up your sleeve, or somewhere convenient! Complete the pack, baron!" observed John Traherne, without losing his imperturbable coolness for a second. "I told you that that bottle of Côte Rotie was a Pandora's box."

"Sir! Do you mean what you say?"

De Sévran rose to his feet; and while his cheeks lost their flush, except for here and there a blotchy red patch, looked angrily at our hero.

"I do not often say what I don't mean," was our American's steady reply, given while he lounged back in his seat.

"You comprehend your own meaning—pray understand mine." The Frenchman dashed the cards he had dealt himself in John Traherne's face.

The latter never flinched. The bits of paste-board fluttered to the floor without diverting his gaze from De Sévran's countenance. Chateau Renard, however, sprang to his feet.

"Sit down, sir, if you please." As Traherne spoke, he left his chair and stepped before Chateau Renard. "So, Monsieur le Baron"—he addressed this to his late adversary at *carte*—"you thought you had a pigeon to pluck." Half a step brought him to De Sévran. "Well, I tell you, pigeons take some plucking in South Carolina, where I come from. If I had you there I would cowl you until you became a more honest man or a cleverer rascal!"

Like the grip of a vice was the clasp of the fingers the baron's ceaseless collar underwent when Traherne ended, and the shaking his person endured must have been an abiding memory for his after life. When he had ceased to oscillate he picked himself up from the carpet, and glared at our hero, who was drawing a cigar-case from his pocket.

"Sir! You or I will leave this room a corpse!" said De Sévran, furiously. "Dupuis, fetch my sword-cane and yours. You hear my words, American? One of us will only leave here a corpse!"

"It will be you, then," was Traherne's calm reply, and he lighted a cigar, while De Sévran's cousin left the room.

"Baron," interrupted Chateau Renard, "you are mad! This is no place for settling disputes. I confess, I am utterly in the dark as to what you have quarreled about."

"Are you?" said Traherne, quickly, and with meaning emphasis.

Dupuis re-entered the apartment with two walking-canes, which he handed to the baron. The latter advanced to our hero, who looked steadily at him while he puffed at his cigar.

"You understand *carte* perfectly, monsieur," said the Frenchman, in a low, quivering tone, "and have dared to tell a De Sévran that he is a cheat. These are cards of another sort. I will play quite fairly with them. Take your choice."

He drew the narrow, bright blades contained in the canes, and tendered each to our hero. Chateau Renard at once interposed.

"Not to-night, nor here, De Sévran. Come, be reasonable."

"Now, and where we stand!" replied the baron, stamping his foot. "Monsieur does not seem so anxious to take a hand at this game," he added, sneeringly. "He is not so sure, I presume he thinks, to win the trick."

"Umph!" ejaculated Traherne, calmly taking one of the sword-sticks. "This is your trick, is it?" Changing the weapon to his left hand, he passed the other inside his vest. "Well, I trump the trick!"

The next moment the horrified baron was gazing down the muzzle of a cocked pistol leveled straight at his face.

John Traherne slept safely until a late hour that day at his hotel. Neither did the Baron de Sévran leave the boudoir of Mademoiselle de Rose-Pompon

ST. VALENTINE'S VISIT.

MRS. GRANDISON MONEYPENNY sat in her luxurious boudoir chewing the cud of reflection. Something had occurred to destroy the dignified tranquillity of the stately dame, and the costly laces folded across the matronly breast were fairly ruffled with indignation.

"Marry my Leila, indeed—the impudent jack-anapes. Why, his whole income would not keep her in gloves. The presumption of these young stripplings is something wonderful."

There was no doubt that the lady was highly affronted, yet the cause was nothing so very exceptional. Mrs. Money Penny rejoiced in the most aristocratic pretensions. Her fortune was magnificent, her position enviable, her establishment perfect, and her only daughter, Leila, a belle.

With Leila's expectations, Leila's manner and figure, there should have been no limit to that young lady's matrimonial ambition. But, as is not unfrequently the case, the heiress had a mind of her own on the matrimonial question, that unfortunately ran directly counter to her mother's idea of a son-in-law, although the very worst that could be said of Fred Volney was that he was *only* a bank clerk, with nothing but his salary. His proposal for the hand of the willing Leila had been met with the most petrifying of all possible negatives, and Mrs. Money Penny flattered herself she had acted as it became a mother to act. However, she could not so easily dismiss the affair from her mind as she had the young man from her presence, and while rolling it like a sweet morsel under her tongue, the enormity of the offense grew upon her, and forced from her the exclamation above recorded. Of course she did not address her remark to any one, presuming herself to be alone, and was, therefore, considerably astonished when a tiny, suave voice replied:

"Why, Mrs. Money Penny, should he not marry your Leila?"

Mrs. Money Penny looked in the direction of the voice, and there, bowing and smiling from the top of a jewel-case was a most elegant but diminutive gentleman. He was attired in full dinner-dress, with a true-lover's-knot of white satin ribbon in the left buttonhole of his coat, an exquisite ruby heart on his immaculate shirtfront, and a solitary diamond blazed upon the engagement finger of his left hand.

"I repeat it, my dear madame—why should he not marry her?" asked the little fellow, as he seated himself gracefully upon the velvet cushion of the ebony box.

Mrs. Money Penny's first sensation following this unexpected appearance was a decided shock at the impropriety of receiving a gentleman in her private apartment at that hour of the night; but when she reflected that the household had been in bed for at least an hour, and that this was such a *very little* man, she took heart of faith, and began arguing the point.

"Why not, sir! Why, because—because it is utterly unsuitable."

"How unsuitable?"

"In every way. He is too young, for one thing."

"That is a fault which time will remedy. What next?"

"Next is, that he has nothing, or next to nothing, to support a wife on."

"That is bad. What do you call nothing?"

"Oh, a salary of eight hundred or so a year."

"Ah! Well, what other reason have you? Is he dissipated, immoral, vulgar, or anything of that sort?"

"Oh, no. I believe that he is perfectly correct in his habits. I have no objection to him on that score."

"Very good. Then I don't think you have any reasonable grounds for thwarting your daughter's love-matches."

"I beg leave to differ with you, sir. I do not approve of love-matches on general principles."

"Ah, madame, time works great changes in us all. I have known you from girlhood, and if you will lend me your attention for a few moments, I will undertake to show you the changes intervening between then and now. Yes, I understand that you would like my visit to be brief as possible; and to hasten that, pray assist me by looking at that packet you have just taken from the private drawer of your escort. Thanks. It is some old letters, a lock of hair tied with a blue ribbon, and a picture of yourself and husband, taken the first year you were married. Fine-looking couple then, were you not? What do you suppose Grandison would have said to Leila's lover? And, by-the-way, how old were you when you sat for this picture?"

"I was eighteen and Grandison twenty-two."

"Had either of you a fortune to begin life with?"

"La, no! I had nothing but poor dear grandma's silver tea-things and a chest full of nice bedding, and he had nothing at all but health and work."

"Gracious! what imprudent young people! What was Money Penny's business?"

"Clerk in a wholesale provision store."

"How much did you have to live on?"

"Eight dollars a week."

"Not a very princely income, but you managed to make it do, I suppose?"

"Make it do! Well, I guess we did, and laid by something besides. Why, I never took more comfort in my life than when we lived in two rooms on the second floor, and I did my own work. Ah, those were indeed happy times. I sang all day for joy and pride when Leila cut her first tooth and lay cooing and kicking up her pretty pink toes in her willow basket cradle."

"Soberly, my dear madame; you are condemning your own verdict. You prove by your own experience that the tender way of commencing life with only love for capital is the surest road to happiness and success."

"To be sure, but then it is so full of trial, and where a few press on to the goal, thousands perish by the way."

"That is very true, but you can in a great measure guard your daughter from the hardships that fall to the lot of the majority without robbing her of her woman's birthright—love."

"Surely, sir, a mother may be safely trusted to do what is best for a daughter's happiness; and now, if you are satisfied with the length of your catechism, allow me to ask whom I have the honor to entertain?"

"St. Valentine, at your service, madame; and as I feel confident of having accomplished my mission, wishing you all the compliments of the season, I take a new departure."

Mrs. Money Penny's eyes flew up with a jerk. The ebony throne was no longer occupied, and the clock tolled one with its silvery tongue. The lady's gaze fell. A yellow bit of paper with frayed lace-work, defaced cupids, torn hearts and soiled love-birds

lay in her lap, and on it was written: "St. Valentine, February 14th, 1849." She shivered and yawned.

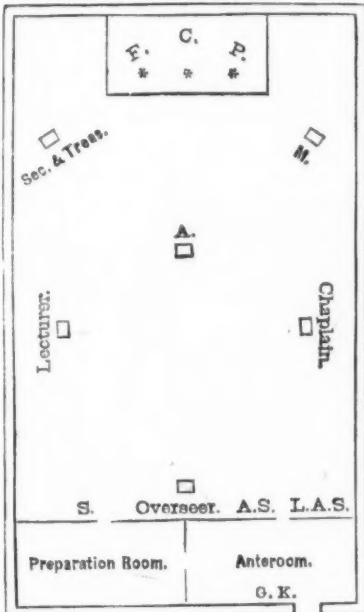
"I must have fallen asleep in my chair and dreamed such a nice dream about that dear old valentine. Perhaps it was intended to warn me of my duty. Any way, I think her father might have approved, and I believe I'll send for Fred in the morning. Leila will have enough for both."

PATRONS OF HUSBANDRY.

ANNUAL SESSION OF THE NATIONAL GRANGE.

THE National Grange of the Order of Patrons of Husbandry convened in its Seventh Annual Session at the Southern Hotel, St. Louis, Mo., on Wednesday, February 4th. Aaron B. Grosch, Chaplain, opened the proceedings with prayer, after which T. R. Allen, Master of the Missouri State Grange, welcomed the Patrons to the city. Dudley W. Adams, Master of the National Grange, delivered an interesting speech on the condition and prospects of the Order. Last year there were reported nine State Granges and 1,300 subordinate organizations. This year there are State Granges in thirty-two States, two Territories and the Province of Quebec, with nearly 12,000 local bodies under their jurisdiction. A large number of the Patrons are accompanied by their wives, who, being eligible to offices, sit in equal council, but have no vote.

As the proceedings are conducted with closed doors, the following diagram, showing the arrangements of rooms and positions of the several officers of a grange, will be interesting:



F. Flora; C. Ceres; P. Pomona; M. Master; S. Steward; A.S., Assistant Steward; L.A.S., Lady Assistant Steward; G.K., Gate Keeper; A. Altar.

THE WHISKEY WAR IN OHIO.

TWO or three years ago the women of Green field, O., turned out in body broke up the saloons, and poured the liquors into the streets. But the law sustained the keepers, and in a few months the condition of the place was worse than before. Remembering that defeat the ladies of Ohio recently organized the praying, singing and entreating movement, with considerable success. Springfield, a town of eighteen thousand inhabitants, claims to have been first in this novel crusade. Mrs. Judge Smart, a venerable lady of sixty years, Mrs. Doctor Duellap, Mrs. J. Mead, Mrs. Judge Eckman, Mrs. Caldwell, Mrs. Irwin, and Mrs. Spring, wife of an editor, are the leaders, and they are all elderly ladies. They claim that their weapons are love, instead of law—prayer instead of hatred.

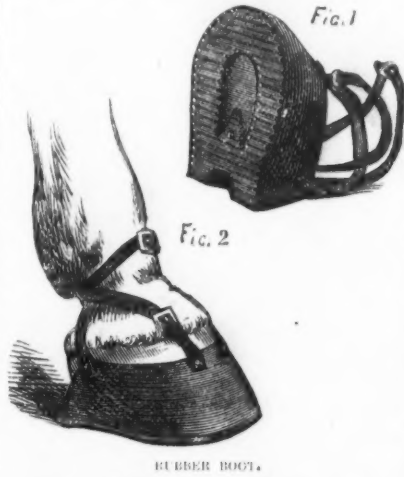
A band of women enter a saloon, and ask that it be closed. If this is refused, they ask permission to hold a prayer-meeting, and if this is denied they retire to the sidewalk and hold meetings until the man yields, which has been done in many instances, according to reports. The drug-stores and "family groceries" are also visited. The movement has gained possession of Springfield, London, Washington, New Vienna, Gallipolis, Millersburgh, Morrow, Lebanon, Hillsboro', and many other towns in the State; and also in Indiana. A writer, describing the scene in one of the towns, where seventy ladies were kneeling on the icy pavement in front of a saloon, said it was one of the most awful, solemn scenes he ever witnessed. The result of the meetings in Boston and Worcester, under the leadership of Dr. Dio Lewis, has undoubtedly given the movement additional impetus. Probably the most signal victory in Ohio was the conversion of Mr. Van Pelt, in New Vienna. He first gained wide notoriety by pouring beer on the ladies while they were praying. After abusing them for two or three weeks he surrendered, and while the church-bells were ringing, and the people singing, he rolled his casks into the streets and destroyed them with an ax, flooding the gutters with liquor. We give an illustration of one of these scenes.

LUNATICS DANCING ON BLACKWELL'S ISLAND.

AMONG the amusements allowed by the officers of the Institutions on Blackwell's Island, is dancing by the lunatics. One of these entertainments was recently given in the gymnasium of the Asylum, as seen in our illustration. A stranger would imagine that on such occasions the lunatics would be unmanageable, and some of them dangerous; but such is not the case. Many were comically fantastic in their actions, yet for the most part they kept time to the music of the fiddler. Usually they go through the evolutions with an intelligence that would almost lead one to hope that pleasure alone can restore their minds. One of the dancers, dressed in a fanciful costume, skipped around the room like a French Duke in a pantomime. Some danced until their lady partners were utterly wearied. At best it was a maniacs' dance, but the patients were undoubtedly benefited by the evening's recreation.

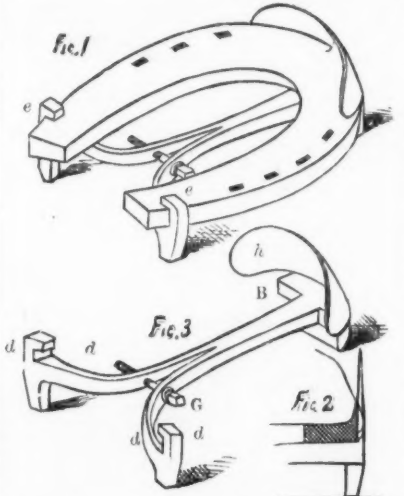
IMPROVED HORSESHOES.

RECORDS of the United States Patent Office show that an immense number of papers have been granted in the last few years for improvements in horseshoes, and in examining the models and diagrams it is found that, with but few exceptions, the inventions are confined to the style, location and attachment of the calks. The views given in a previous issue of this paper of the Jorey patent, which received Mr. Bergh's commendation, excited an interest among liverymen that will render acceptable the presentation of others.



A good specimen of the exceptions to the general inventions is found in the india-rubber boot, patented by D. N. Hurlbert, of Chicago, Ill. The boot is to be drawn on the foot over the iron shoe, and attached by straps encircling the heel and ankle. The sole is nearly an inch in thickness, and the outer sole deeply grooved to prevent slipping. If a horse is driven out smooth-shod, and encounters ice, a set of the boots may be applied in five minutes, in which a passage of the dangerous avenue can be made, when the boots may be removed. They may also be used upon unshod and tender feet, with great relief to the horse. Thorough tests have been made upon stone pavements, during which the boots have given the highest satisfaction.

Another is the invention of Albert L. Murphy, of Philadelphia, and consists of detachable calks for iron shoes. The method of attaching the calks with the connecting frame to the shoe and hoof is as follows: The bolt, G, is spring freely so as to permit the arms, d, d, to spring covered apart, the bar being then fitted to or held against the under side of the shoe, and the arms forced still further apart until their hooked ends, or lips, e, e, can be caused to pass partly around and embrace the ends of the shoe. The bolt, G, is then tightened, so as



DETACHABLE CALKS FOR HORSESHOE.

to draw the hooked arms, or clamps, against the opposite sides of the shoe, after which the plate, h, which form the fastening in front is hammered down and undid, so as to adapt it to the exact curve of the front of the shoe and of the hoof. The bar, B, extending across the shoe beneath the hoof, will effectually prevent the clogging of the latter when traveling over snowy roads. The calks themselves may readily be removed at night and replaced in the morning.

ENGLISH POLITICS.

IN a party sense, the reaction against Democratic Liberalism is not Conservative. In the days of Lord Melbourne every Liberal who felt inclined to change his political color was as strongly attracted to the leader of the Opposition as he might perhaps be repelled from the chiefs of his own party. According to universal and well-founded belief, Sir Robert Peel, whatever might be his political shortcomings, was the ablest man of business in the country. No similar confidence is reposed in the brilliant tactician who will be raised, if at all, to power, not by his own merits, but by the blunders of the present Ministers. As Mr. Grant Duff said the other day, the Opposition is singularly deficient in competent candidates for high office in the House of Commons. Sir Stafford Northcote would be a respectable Chancellor of the Exchequer, and Mr. Hardy has administered the Home Office with credit; Lord Derby, and if he would accept office, Lord Salisbury, would add strength to the Government; but by general consent Mr. Disraeli is regarded as the representative of the Opposition; and his accession to power would not reassure timid politicians. Mr. Gladstone may perhaps be thought more dangerous than his rival; but in administrative knowledge and in financial skill he is greatly superior to Mr. Disraeli. It is not too much to say that a prudent, able and trustworthy statesman in the House of Commons, as brilliant as either of the two rival leaders, and as judicious as Peel, might secure to either party at the present moment the support of a vast majority of the constituencies as they existed before the last Reform Bill. There remains the uncertainty as to the power and disposition of the new voters, who had no time or opportunity to organize their forces at the last general election. The issues in which they will take the

strongest interest are scarcely those which are selected by the *Quarterly Reviewer*. The exclusion of religious instruction from schools principally interests the Dissenters, who are stronger among the small tradesmen than in the working classes. The democratic agitators will more probably concentrate their efforts on the extension of household suffrage and the redistribution of seats; and if Mr. Gladstone declines to gratify their wishes in the present Parliament, they are assured of his future support. It is, after all, on an accident or casual oversight that the result of the election may probably depend. At a time when the whole Cabinet firmly believed in the doctrine of perpetual motion which is now propounded by Mr. Stansfield, it seemed good to Mr. Bruce to publish the absurdity of all possible Beer Bills, as carelessly as if he had attacked a body of helpless curates instead of an irritable swarm of licensed victuallers. It was quite unnecessary to attempt the confiscation of licenses or of public-houses; but Mr. Goschen on the same day assailed the less formidable body of landowners, and Mr. Bruce could not be less active than his colleague. From that time the fortunes of the Ministry have steadily declined, and perhaps Mr. Gladstone and his colleagues, after destroying the Irish Church, will perish because they have frightened the publicans.

AN ORNITHOLOGICAL OPERA TROUPE.

AN extraordinary pulpit entertainment has been produced in Lima, Peru, by an Italian named Contarini, who proposes to carry his exhibition to Europe. He has taught and trained, by dint of great patience and perseverance, an opera company, made up of thirty parrots and paroquets, who perform two of Bellini's operas, "Norma" and "Sonnambula," on a miniature stage, with full chorus and recitative. The director and manager accompanies the artists on a piano-harmonium, and the perfection with which each bird sings his part and the excellence of the chorus are prodigious. The debut of this lyrical-ornithological company in "Norma" was attended by the wealth and fashion of Lima. When the parrot that sang the contralto finished the allegro in the "Salutation to the Moon," such was the enthusiasm, the shouting and applause at hearing a bird sing the Costa Diva, that the bird company, affrighted, took flight and sought refuge among the side scenes. This interrupted the performance for fully quarter of an hour, and Signor Contarini had to tranquilize the "artists" by giving them bread soaked in wine. Thenceforth the expressions of approbation were moderated in order not to spoil the play. It appears that the bird artists have now become accustomed to the applause. The correctness and propriety with which they give certain parts of the opera are wonderful. The primo tenore possesses all the airs and graces of the school of Mario, and the ladies of Lima have named the prima donna Patti. At least, that is the story as told by one of the Lima papers—people who have any imagination to spare will please accept this draft upon it.

UNCLE SAM'S VASUS.

WE are frequently assured that closets have skeletons; each condition of life its own miseries; each crown its peculiar thorns. This may be true, although it is not as comforting as the moralists assume; but of all miseries and prickles, one of the last to be desired is endured by the Fijian kings in the persons of their *Vasu Tankeis*, or royal nephews.

Nephews, at the best, are not convenient relations, but a Vasu is peculiarly irritating and uncomfortable. He has all the ordinary advantages of his connection, and in addition, the right to demand and seize anything belonging to his mother's country-people, except the wives, houses and lands of the chiefs. He can send for his uncle's dinner just as his majesty sits down to eat; he can sail in his royal canoe, he can sport his holiday *masi*, he can use his favorite club, carry off his muskets, make his choice of all gifts offered by dependents or by foreign powers; he can eat his yams, drink his yagona, and then if the king chooses to rebel and quarrel over his privileges, he can supply himself with arms and ammunition from his uncle's stores. This often becomes unpleasant to orderly kings, and many have held high festival when they could end their troubles by making a dish of *bakolo* of their Vasus, and have eaten them with feelings of quiet but genuine satisfaction. Still a Vasu has his uses. It is not well to have him carry off the king's property, but it is possible to divert his rapacity toward the common people, and if he can use their canoes and guns, his uncle can regard his fishing and hunting expeditions without apprehension, and it then becomes possible to reap some reward for long suffering. When a king needs soldiers, cocoa-nuts, fans, canoes, wives or fishing-nets, he finds his nephew's prerogatives very convenient, and as no one dares refuse a Vasu Tankei, the spoil is drawn in as a magnet draws steel.

Still Fiji has not yet developed the full advantages of this position, for it has never had a Congress of Vasus. In union there is strength, and what would be exaction in one becomes a right when asserted by some three hundred and twenty-seven. One Vasu might not like to have his hair dressed, and charge it to his account as a gross of quill pens; and, supposing that he had any washing to be sent home, he might hesitate about calling it private correspondence, while he might not be able to pay his servants out of the common treasury on the plea that wages and official reports were synonymous terms. There is also some doubt about the readiness of his countrymen assuming one Vasu's traveling and household expenses as a national debt. One Vasu, we repeat, might feel a natural hesitation upon such matters, not because his delicacy or conscience would interfere, but because his fellow Vasus might object to his demands. Such claims can much more readily be made by a body than by an individual, and if the co-operation and interest of the king and chiefs are secured, it is not easy to see what redress the common people are to have. If these good Vasus, who like their pay to ante-date their services, or who having agreed to work in the vineyard for a penny help themselves to two, had consciences they might hearken to admonition; if they had sensitiveness they might feel the influences of public feeling; or if possessed of foresight, they might anticipate a future reward; but the Vasus are of necessity, it seems, devoid of these guides to righteousness. They have might, and that to them means right; they have possession, and so the tenth point counts for nothing. There is one comfort, however, left, and that is, that it is possible the day of retribution may come even to them, and then the people who meet to celebrate the feast of Vasu *bakolo* may share the satisfaction of Tukilakila, who, having secured his nephew on the battlefield, exclaimed, "Truly this is a most fitting offering to the war-god! Had I fallen into his hands he would have eaten me; now that he has fallen into mine, I will eat him."

PICTORIAL SPIRIT OF THE EUROPEAN ILLUSTRATED PRESS.

AFRICA.—PANORAMIC VIEW OF CAPE COAST CASTLE.

Our first illustration of the series is a sketch of Cape Coast Castle taken from the bridge of the English steamship *Volta*. Cape Coast is the headquarters of the Gold Coast settlement. There is no harbor, except an open roadstead with a poor landing-place. From May to August the ocean rolls in with a terrific surf, but in December, January and February the land winds prevail, and the sea is comparatively calm. Much skill is required to land the canoes in the most favorable weather. Eighteen feet above the water-line is the gateway of the castle, which is a vast irregular pile covering several acres. The town is of various kinds of houses, from the native hut to the well-built mansion of the European resident. Strange umbrella-like trees border the streets, and the spires of Methodist and Episcopal churches point towards the blazing noonday sun. On commanding eminences around the town are forts and military towers bristling with guns. The principle castle stands on a rock that rises out of the sea, and the town clusters around it, or close behind it. The place has belonged to the English for more than two hundred years.

ENGLAND.—THE CLERKENWELL HOUSE OF CORRECTION.

The Clerkenwell House of Correction, which we illustrate, is intended to accommodate nearly two thousand male prisoners. It is situated in Coldbath Fields, between Gray's Inn Road and Farringdon Road, Clerkenwell. Most of the prisoners are under sentence of simple confinement with hard labor for short periods, but those condemned to penal servitude for two years are in some instances placed here previous to their removal to the Government convict prisons of Millbank and Pentonville. Two classes of offenders are confined here. The first work in the tread-mills; and the second pick oakum, make mats, shoes, and do other light work. They are constantly watched, and not allowed to communicate either by words or signs.

FRANCE.—FLIGHT OF THE CARRIER PIGEONS.

The use of carrier pigeons in transporting dispatches has scarcely been introduced into this country. In Europe the sagacious and faithful messengers have done good service, especially in time of war. During the siege of Paris thousands of dispatches were carried over the enemy's lines to friends, where no man could think of going without losing his life. Our illustration represents some of the birds about leaving Versailles for Paris.

ASHANTEE WAR.—WOMEN LEAVING CAPE COAST CASTLE WITH PROVISIONS FOR THE TROOPS.

The native women of Cape Coast Castle do all of the hard work, as the men are cowardly and untrustworthy. Gangs of female porters are hired to carry provisions to the front for a shilling a day, with an extra allowance of sixpence a day for their subsistence while at work. Each woman carries fifty pounds of preserved meats or rice a distance of twenty miles a day. Some of them will travel further. About four hundred of these lady porters leave the Castle daily, starting at eight o'clock in the morning.

PAYING THE FANTEE WOMEN CARRIERS AT CAPE COAST CASTLE.

Before starting on their journey, the Fantee women are paid at the Castle sixpenny allowances per day to buy provisions for the trip. Our sketch represents them under the stone archway, smiling and bowing to their paymasters. They are chocolate-colored, and some of the young women are not ugly.

SUMMONING BURDEN-BEARERS TO CAPE COAST CASTLE.

When more women porters are wanted on the Gold Coast, a few of the leading ladies march through town, ringing bells and issuing proclamations in a loud voice. Some of them have their hair dressed in a hideous, satanic fashion, while others wear turbans. The little native "kids" joyfully roll their large eyes around as the bells ring, for they know that it means money and trinkets.

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC.

SALVINI appears this week in New Orleans.

"LITTLE EMILY" was withdrawn from the Boston Museum last week.

"LED ANSTRAY" continues on its smooth course at the Union Square Theatre.

"MONEY" attracted large audiences to Wallack's Theatre, New York, last week.

THE Olympic Theatre, New York, is at present devoted entirely to variety entertainments.

ANDREWS THOMAS'S "Mignon" was given in Boston, February 14th, with Nilsson and Capoul.

LAWRENCE BARRETT concluded his engagement at the Varieties Theatre, New Orleans, last week.

THE various places of amusement in New Orleans will be opened free to the public on Mardi Gras.

MADAME LUCIA has been engaged for a season of German opera in New York, beginning March 2d.

FOX still shows the antics of "Humpty Dumpty Abroad" at the New York Grand Opera House.

AT Wood's Museum, New York, "Ten Nights in a Bar-room," and "Puss in Boots" are on the boards.

"OUGHT WE TO VISIT HER?" a comedy, by Mr. W. S. Gilbert and Mrs. Edwards, has been given at the Royalty Theatre.

ON his return to this country, Franz Abt will bring out an opera he is now preparing, entitled the "Sharp-shooter."

MISS CHARLOTTE CUSHMAN gave her farewell readings in Steinway Hall, New York, on the 4th, before a great audience.

BELOT's drama, "Elene," was produced at Booth's Theatre, New York, on the 3d, with Mrs. J. B. Booth in the title role.

THE New York Philharmonic Society gave a public orchestral rehearsal at the Academy of Music on the afternoon of the 5th.

"LEON DE DUKL," a one-act vaudeville, by M. Paul Poirson, has been given at the Palais Royal, by MM. Hyacinthe, Montbars and Numa.

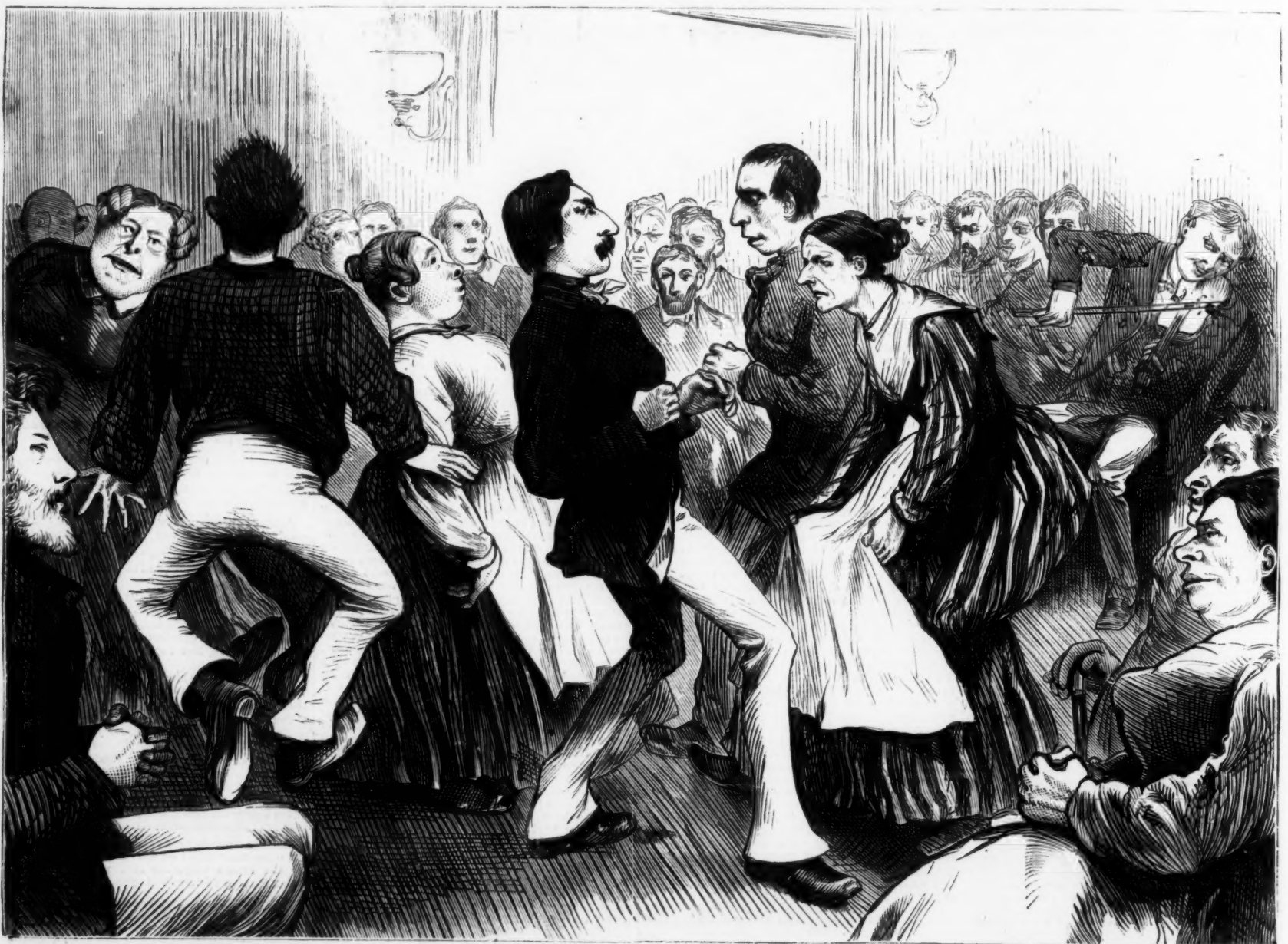
IN addition to the Cyclorama of Paris, the managers of the Colosseum, New York, promise a most interesting variety of attractions—musical, optical and magical.

M. ALEXANDRE DEMAS is altering the Italian libretto of the "Traviata," based on his "Dame aux Camellias," for the French adaptation at the Opera-Comique in which Madame Carvalho will appear as Violetta.

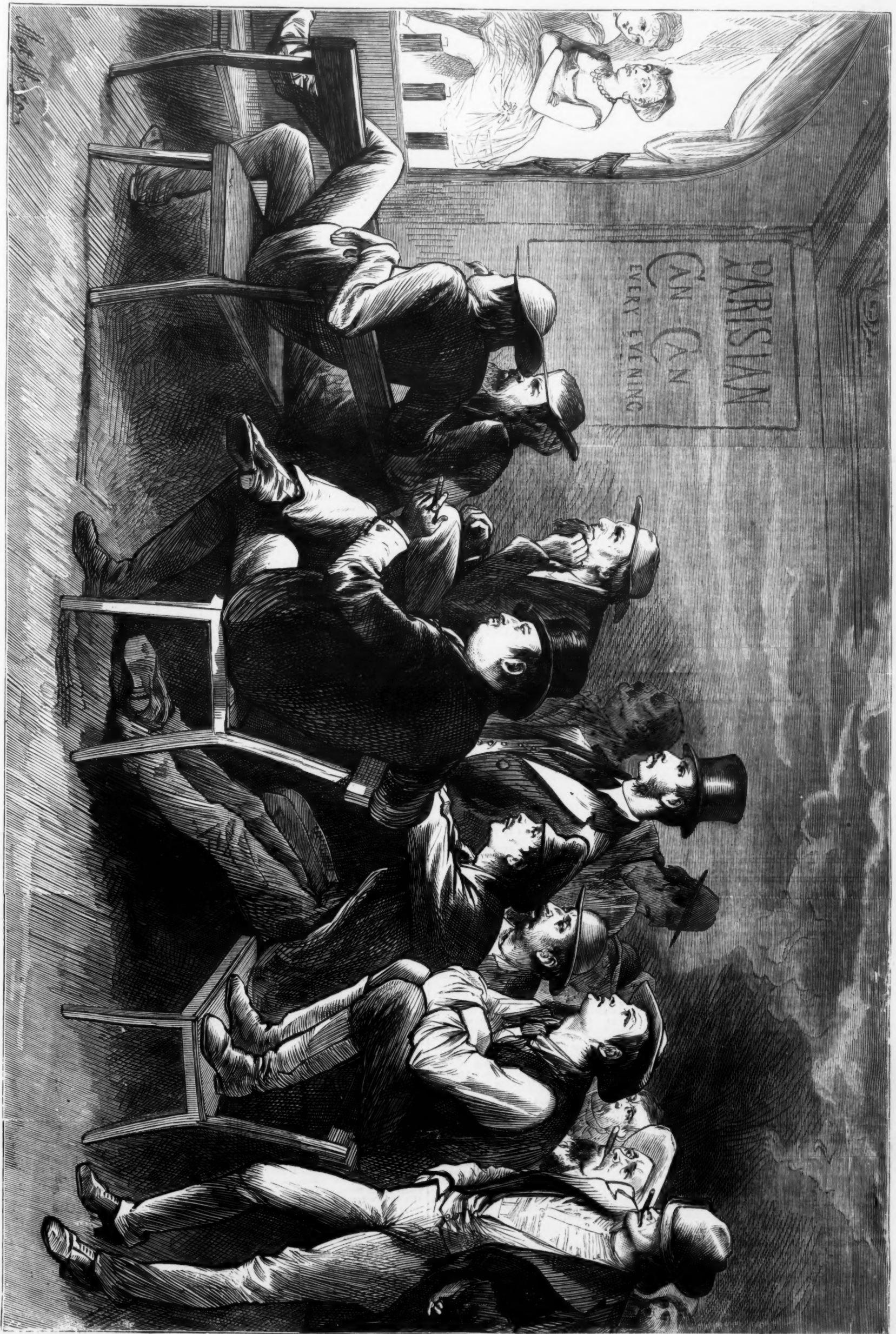
M. W. BAILEY'S posthumous opera, "Il Talismano," is announced for positive production at Her Majesty's Theatre, London, this coming season. Miss Nilsson has faithfully promised to sing the leading rôle, and Signor Campanini is to sing that of the "Knight of the Leopard."



THE OHIO WHISKY WAR.—THE LADIES OF LOGAN SINGING HYMNS IN FRONT OF BARROOMS IN AID OF THE TEMPERANCE MOVEMENT.—SKETCHED BY S. B. MORTON.—SEE PAGE 391.



NEW YORK.—BLACKWELL'S ISLAND.—THE LUNATIC ASYLUM.—THE WARDEN'S SANITARY MEASURES.—INDUCING THE LUNATIC PATIENTS TO DANCE.—SEE PAGE 391.



SAN FRANCISCO, CALIFORNIA.—EVENING SCENE IN A MELODEON VARIETY ENTERTAINMENT.—SKETCHED BY ARTHUR LEMON.—SEE PAGE 389.

A CHARACTER.

Oh! marvel not that she who once could love
So keenly, now should gaze with steadfast eyes
Even on the withering of her last, last ties.
That strength was wrought by teaching from above.
Each moment of such calmness does but prove
Long years of silent martyrdom surviv'd
Till faith has at its earthly goal arriv'd.
And hope and fear no passion throbs can move.
Her life was Spring and Winter! Summer flowers
She ne'er had looked on, save in early dreams
And fancy's world with all its living streams.
That wander'd wild thro' mystic glens and bowers.
In frozen stillness dwells the crystal bright,
Showing where once the fountain gushed to light.

DEATH IN LIFE;

OR,
THE FUTURE OF A FORGERY.

CHAPTER XXIV.—(CONTINUED.)

THIS was too much, and the passion that blazed in Mrs. Blister's face was such that Nellie turned pale before it. The child had turned at bay before the woman. She who had come as the accuser found herself in the position of the accused. Where she had expected to crush a weak rebellion, she found herself confronted by an accomplished revolution. Nellie had openly and boldly declared war against her, and the contest must be decided by the strong arm. It was no wonder that her passion got the better of her judgment.

"This is Henshaw's work!" she exclaimed. "He has been telling you these tales, in order to set you against me, and induce you to defy my authority; but he shall gain nothing by it. If you had the sense that you ought to have—if your head was not full of silly notions—you would know that he is only seeking you because he wants to get hold of a fortune that he fancies is coming to you."

The smile with which Nellie greeted this suggestion was fuel to the fire of her mother's wrath. "It seems to me," she said, "that a person who makes me acquainted with my rights would be less likely to take advantage of me than they who keep me in ignorance."

"What! Do you mean to insinuate that I have been trying to take advantage of you? You have indeed changed. I don't know what to think of you. But I do know that you are a willful and disobedient girl, and that I shall not put up with your impudence and your obstinacy. You seem to have grown a dozen years older since yesterday; but you are not yet old enough to prevent me from carrying my purpose into effect. I have said that you shall marry Chetlain, and I intend that you shall marry him. I will make an end of your stubbornness, no matter what the consequences may be."

"Do you mean to say that you will compel me to marry that man?"

"That is precisely what I mean to say that I will do, if other means fail. There are more ways than one to bring a stubborn girl to her senses."

"If you should go so far as to use force, perhaps the law would interfere in my favor."

"I would keep inside of the law. If it should come to the worst, I can have you shut up in a lunatic asylum, there to stay until you are ready to obey me."

"You cannot do it! You dare not attempt it! My husband will protect me!"

This declaration was forced from Nellie by the atrocity of the threat. She had made the disclosure prematurely; but it was made, and there was no help for it.

The effect upon Mrs. Blister was almost appalling. With staring eyes, and in a husky voice, she shot out this question:

"Yonr—what?"

"My husband will protect me. I repeat it—my husband!"

"What husband?"

"Charles Henshaw!"

"What do you mean by speaking of him as your husband?"

"I mean that he is my husband—that I was married to him to-day! Now you know it, and you know that you cannot marry me to Mr. Chetlain, as I am already married!"

Nellie was now fearfully excited. She shook like a leaf, and seemed to be on the point of going into a fit of hysterics. Her mother, on the contrary, had become colder and harder than ever.

"This is impossible," she said. "I can't believe it."

"If you will not believe my word, perhaps my marriage certificate will satisfy you. Here it is."

Mrs. Blister read the paper which her daughter handed to her, or seemed to read it, very carefully. This was a development which she could not have expected; and for which she was totally unprepared; but she was by no means willing to admit that her plans were destroyed—they were only disarranged.

While she was looking over the paper, she was deciding upon a line of action for the future. The altered state of affairs demanded a change of policy, and she was ready with a change. Her first impulse was to tear the certificate to fragments and stamp it under her feet, but she was not a woman to give way to a profuse outbreak of temper. Her countenance was sad, but all traces of passion had vanished from it, when she handed the paper back to her daughter.

"That's put a stop to all further discussion on this subject," she said. "As it has gone so far, we must try to make the best of it, though it grieves me sorely that you should have taken such a step. I can only hope, Nellie, that your future will be brighter than my fears are painting it. I must go out and break the news to Chetlain. I am sorry for him, poor fellow! If ever a man loved a woman truly, I believe that he loves you."

Nellie was naturally surprised at her mother's change of tone; but her surprise would have given place to another feeling, if she had seen that mother's face when she had left the room. It wore a look of stern determination—a fixed, hard, steely, murderous look—such as had settled upon it when she resolved to put Rose Bradwell out of her way.

CHAPTER XXV.—GATHERING UP THE FRAGMENTS.

WHEN Mrs. Blister returned to the parlor, Chetlain read defeat in her face, and it was only by a look that she questioned her.

"We are beaten," she said. "We were just a few hours too late. She is married to Charles Henshaw."

Chetlain expressed his astonishment rather profanely.

"When did that happen?" he asked.

"To-day—this afternoon."

"Are you sure that she has married him?"

"There is no doubt of that. She has the certificate."

"What are you going to do about it?"

"What can I do? Just nothing. It is an accomplished fact, and I can only submit to it."

"Our cake is all dough, then, and so there is nothing more to be said about it."

"Just so. She has put an end to our plans."

The "high-caste gambler" quitted the house in disgust, and went to his rooms, where a fashionably dressed young man was waiting him.

"It's all up, Adams," he said, as he threw himself into a chair.

"Has the girl refused you?"

"Worse than that. She is already married."

"Who is the lucky man?"

"Charles Henshaw. He married her to-day."

"He has stolen a march upon you, indeed. What are you going to do about it?"

"Nothing. There is nothing left to do."

"What will the girl's mother do about it?"

"Nothing. She will let the husband take his wife home, and that is an end of the matter. Suppose we go and have a whirl at faro? I want some excitement."

"Not now. I am sleepy, and must go home and go to bed. I have only waited here because I was curious to know how you would succeed in your matrimonial affair. Good-night, Chet; I will see you in the morning."

Adams went to his hotel, but wrote two letters before he went to bed. One of them was delivered early next morning, by a special messenger, to Charles Henshaw, before he went down-town. He opened it at the house, and was surprised and overjoyed at reading these words:

"This is to inform Mr. Charles Henshaw that there has been a crisis in the affairs of the Blister family. Mrs. Blister has learned of his marriage to Miss Nellie Whipple, and acquiesces in it, being unable to do otherwise. It is advisable that Mr. Henshaw should at once bring his bride away from her mother's house, as there will be no objection to his doing so. A person will shortly wait upon him, who will be authorized to put Mrs. Henshaw in possession of the property that is hers under the will of her father, the late Maurice Whipple."

There was no signature to this note, which was a mysterious affair to Henshaw, but highly satisfactory. After a brief consultation with his mother and Julia, he procured a carriage, and hastened to the Blister mansion.

Nellie was a prey to conflicting emotions after her mother left her; but they were finally fused into a "real good cry," by which she was greatly relieved. This ended, she had recourse to prayer for help from above, and she had become quite calm and hopeful when her mother again called in to see her.

Mrs. Blister spoke very kindly to her daughter, and gave Nellie the impression that she was entirely resigned to what had happened.

"I am sorry that your choice could not have been my choice," she said, "and it may be that I spoke to you on the subject quite roughly and foolishly. But you know that I have a temper, and that I am apt to fly out frantically when I am thwarted. I hope that your choice may prove to have been a wise one, and assure you that you may rely upon every effort that I can make to promote your happiness. The thought that you can have supposed me capable of wishing to injure you or take advantage of you, troubles me more than anything else."

"Let us forget that, mother," said Nellie, who was just then in a very forgiving humor, and quite willing to let bygones be bygones.

"I would gladly forget it, my child, with many sad remembrances which you have recalled to me to-day. At some future time I may tell you some of the troubles that I endured with your father; but I cannot tear that wound open now. When you know the truth, you will sympathize with me, and will feel that I have acted as I believed to be for the best."

"I am willing to admit that, mother, and I think we had better let the dead past bury its dead."

"Perhaps you are right. This is your marriage-day, and you ought to be happy if you can be. I suppose your husband will wait to take you to his home, and you will want to go with him; and it will be much better for all concerned that you should do so. You had better write him a note, informing him that you are ready to leave as soon as he has a place ready for you."

"Do you think it would be proper?"

"Why not? He is your husband, and it is to be supposed that he will be glad to receive such a notice."

Matters had turned out so pleasantly, that Nellie was overjoyed. She had not expected to find such an easy issue out of her afflictions. Her difficulties had faded and vanished as soon as she encountered them resolutely.

"If you think it best, I will write to him," she said.

"I do think it best. When a girl marries, she should go with her husband, and his lot must be her lot."

"You speak as dolefully as if I had chosen a lot in a cemetery. I am not going to my grave, I hope."

"I hope not; but you are going to leave me."

As the picture arose in Nellie's mind of that pleasant home circle, up-town, of which she had seemed to be so fully and naturally a part, she could not feel that she would lose very heavily by the change; but she said nothing of this to her mother.

"I am not going far from you," she remarked, "and we can see each other whenever we wish to."

"That is true, and it is a great consolation to me. I will leave you now, and I advise you to get some sleep, as exercise and excitement must have fatigued you."

Nellie did not attempt to sleep until she had written her note to Charles Henshaw. Although but a brief note, it seemed to her the largest undertaking that she had yet attempted. She had never written a word to him, and her first essay at correspondence was to be in the character of his wife. It was so strange to address him as "My Dear Husband," and so strange to sign her name "Nellie Henshaw." It seemed impossible that she should finish it without making some sort of a blunder. It seemed so odd, too, if not actually indelicate, that she should be asking him to come and take her from her mother's house to his own. But, as her mother had said, he was her husband, and why should he not take her?

It was a serious business to Nellie, writing that note; but she finished it and directed it. She did not seal it, as it could not be sent until morning, and she wanted to read it again by daylight. The last thing she did before she laid down was to look at her signature and wonder at it, and thoughts of her new position put her head in such a whirl that it was long before sleep visited her eyelids.

In the morning, things looked even more unreal to her than they had looked at night. She re-read her letter, and wondered what it all meant. Her doubts were removed when she went down-stairs, by the manner in which her mother spoke to her, and by the congratulations of Doctor Blister, who seemed to be sincere in wishing her well and in regretting her proposed departure.

After breakfast she prepared to go out and mail her letter. As she stepped to the door a carriage drove up, and the door of the carriage flew open as

Nellie opened the door of the house. The next moment she was in the arms of her husband.

"Are you ready?" he asked. "Is it all right?"

"Oh, yes! I had written you a note, and was going to mail it. But I don't understand this. How did you happen to come here, and so early?"

"I don't understand it, myself; but we will have time enough for explanations. If your mother is willing, I am ready to take you."

Mrs. Blister soon showed that she was willing. She brought a smiling countenance to bear upon the couple, welcomed Henshaw very kindly, and invited him into the parlor. After a little conversation, in the course of which she gave him to understand that she cheerfully acquiesced in the marriage, although she had opposed it before it was consummated, she requested him to remain in the parlor until she could assist Nellie to pack her trunks.

Henshaw was willing enough to excuse her for that purpose, and he had not long to wait, as they soon reappeared, and Nellie blushing informed him that she was ready.

"We have made a hasty packing," said Mrs. Blister, "and there are a number of things that have been overlooked or purposely left behind; but I can bring them as I happen to find them. I shall have to come to see you so often, that I am afraid I will prove a nuisance."

Henshaw assured her that there would be no danger of that, and that she would be heartily welcome.

"This is all so sudden," she said, "that I can hardly realize it yet, and I was surprised to see you here so early this morning. How did it happen?"

"There is a sort of spiritual telegraph between Nellie and me," replied Henshaw, with a laugh.

"We can understand each other without using the ordinary means of communication."

The adieux were said, some natural tears were shed, and Nellie and her husband drove away, making their wedding tour in a carriage from one part of the city to another.

In the carriage, Charles hastened to satisfy his wife's curiosity, by showing her the note which he had received that morning; but she was completely mystified.

"I don't understand it at all," she said. "Is it possible that this can have been written by Mr. Chetlain?"

"Quite impossible," Charles thought. "It is not his handwriting; he would not be authorized to say anything about your property; he would not have been so kind as to do us this favor."

"We must have some friend, then, of whom we know nothing."

As it was useless to attempt to solve this mystery, and Charles was anxious to know how Nellie had made her disclosure and pacified her mother, she proceeded to tell him all that had transpired at the Blister mansion, and she had not ended her explanation when the carriage stopped at his mother's house. There she was received with love and welcome, and at once found herself at home.

The other letter that Adams wrote at his hotel was received in due course of mail, by Mr. Savage, in his office at Boston, and he chuckled with satisfaction as he read these lines:

"THOMAS SAVAGE, ESQ., DEAR SIR—This is to inform you that my mission has terminated successfully. I had no difficulty in finding Mr. Reginald Chetlain, and making his acquaintance. He is a gambler, who is known among his fellows as 'Chipp' Chetlain, and is quite a respectable man, for one of his profession. It is useless to go into particulars, and I will simply say that I was introduced by him at the house of the former Mrs. Whipple, who is now the wife of a German physician of good reputation, named Blister. I discovered that Chetlain was paying his addresses to Miss Whipple, but without much hope of success, except through the influence of her mother. The favored suitor was a young lawyer, of excellent family and character, named Charles Henshaw. This evening Chetlain went to propose to the young lady and bring the affair to a final settlement. She refused him, and then it came out that she had just been married to Henshaw, without the knowledge of her mother, and Chetlain's little game was broken up. Understanding that the mother was willing to acquiesce in what she could no longer help, I have sent information to that effect to Mr. Henshaw, as I think it advisable that the daughter should be removed from her mother's house as soon as possible."

"You may send me the amount that you desire to pay to the late Miss Whipple and the present Mrs. Henshaw, as soon as you wish to, by express, with the necessary vouchers, so that I can make an end of the business and return to Boston. Hoping that you will find everything as satisfactory as I believe it to be, I remain, yours, very respectfully,

"ALFRED D. ADAMS."

As a result of this letter, Charles Henshaw was waited on, a few days after his marriage, by a quiet and business-like young man, who gave him his name as Adams, and announced himself as an agent for the firm of Savage & Whitelaw, lawyers, of Boston. His business, he said, was to settle, as far as Mrs. Nellie Henshaw was concerned, the estate of her father, the late Maurice Whipple.

As this was a matter that required the personal attention of Nellie, Henshaw took his visitor to that lady, and the business was then proceeded with. It being only necessary to pay her a certain sum of money and take her receipt therefor, the business was soon settled, and Adams took his leave, after briefly explaining his connection with the affair, and giving Henshaw the address of Savage & Whitelaw, in case any further information should be required.

Thus it was that Nellie found herself the possessor of a fortune of more than two hundred thousand dollars in value, securely settled upon herself. She was also in possession of a husband who adored her; and her present was so peaceful, and her future promised to be so serene, that she could not wonder enough or be sufficiently thankful.

CHAPTER XXVI.—BEAR-BAITING.

AS Peter Tisdale stated in his letter to his friend Savage, he was, getting his batteries ready for another campaign against David Byars. The latter gentlemen was president and a large stockholder in the South Atlantic Steamship Company. This was a corporation whose stock was never quoted in the regular lists, and seldom heard of on "the street." The enterprise had not proved so profitable as it had been expected to be, no dividends had ever been declared or were expected to be declared, and the shares mostly remained in the hands of the original holders. A movement had lately been set on foot to enlarge and strengthen the corporation, and a Bill had been introduced into the Legislature to authorize an increase of the capital stock. It was hoped that this would be the means of putting life into the enterprise and giving its shares a quotable value.

Tisdale and Byars had conducted several speculations together with great success since the unpleasant ending of their spiritual investigations. Their experience had been such as to increase their respect for each other as business men, and to demonstrate the probability of the success of any

enterprise which they should undertake in concert. Both possessed the elements of shrewdness, foresight, combination and daring in a remarkable degree. With these qualities, and with ample capital to back them, there could be practically no limit to their successful operations in the stock market. The science of "cornering" and "looking up" was not as fully understood and appreciated then as it now is; but some very fair "stagers" at such bold strokes had been made, and the two old men had more than a glimpse at the possibilities of such operations.

"Do you care to get rid of some of your South Atlantic?" Tisdale asked Byars, one morning, in the office of the latter.

"I would be glad to get rid of all of it. It is dead weight on my hands, and I am tired of holding it."

"I am willing to take as much as you have, and perhaps a little more—say two hundred thousand."

"Indeed! What do you expect to do with it?"

"If I should tell you that, you would know as much as I do, and the principle at the bottom of all business is that one shall have the advantage of another, or think he has it. You may be sure that I wouldn't touch the stock unless I thought I could make something by it. There is a Bill before Congress, that will give the company a big lift, if it passes."

"You mean the Subsidy Bill. It won't pass, Congress can't be coaxed or threatened into doing any more in that line."

"Coaxing and threatening are not the only means of influencing our legislators. I think I can put a little of that stock where it will pay for itself."

"Do you think it is right to do that sort of thing, Tisdale?"

"Why not, if the end to be gained is right? Congress is the public machine, and it is allowable to grease the wheels when they won't run well without it."

"I know that there are many people who think as you do; but I am not one of them. I would never make any attempt to influence legislation except by fair argument."

"Then you will not be likely to secure the passage of your Bill in the Assembly for increasing the capital stock of the South Atlantic Company?"

"I don't care whether it passes or not."

"And you don't care what becomes of the stock after you have sold it to me. The only question is whether you will sell."

"Of course I will sell. If I didn't own a dollar of it, I would sell as long as I could make a margin."

"What will be the figure?"

"The stock is never quoted, you know; but we have been selling a little among ourselves, and the last transfer was made at 85."

"We will call it 86, if that will leave you margin enough."

"Very well; but you must give me a little time for picking up the stock—say ten days."

Thus the transaction was completed. It was a small matter, comparatively, to David Byars, merely enabling him to "unload" himself of a quantity of unprofitable stock and to make a few honest dollars. The next morning he saw the stock quoted at "86, seller ten," and was surprised to find some articles in the papers, mentioning the South Atlantic Company in flattering terms, and urging the passage by Congress of the Subsidy Bill of which Peter Tisdale had spoken. After this, it did not surprise him much that he received a number of bids for the stock in open market, and the result of the day's business was that he found himself under obligations to deliver it, to the amount of \$400,000, within twenty days, at 87 and 88.

As these contracts were in addition to that which he had made with Tisdale, his transactions in South Atlantic began to assume an appearance of some importance. This did not cause him the least anxiety; on the contrary, his belief was that the more he could sell at those rates, the more money he would make, and he was well pleased when a broker came to his office, after the close of the board, and contracted with him for \$200,000 more, to be delivered in twenty days, at 90.

David Byars surveyed the field with his usual coolness and clearness of sight, and the situation of affairs seemed very plain to him. The flurry in South Atlantic had been caused by the movements of Peter Tisdale, who was desirous of "bullying" the stock for the purpose of making a good sale of what he had purchased. He had procured the insertion of the articles in the papers, and had raised an excitement concerning the proposed Subsidy Bill, which might have given the stock a temporary inflation. Byars had his private advices from Washington, which assured him, beyond a doubt, that the subsidy would not be granted. He knew that the price at which he had sold to Tisdale was merely a "fancy figure," which could not justly be quoted as the market value of the stock, and the other figures had grown out of it. If the stock should go a little higher, and should acquire a quotable value, he had sold on speculation, and would only be obliged to pay the difference between the price at which he had sold and the rate on the day of delivery. If he should be forced to deliver, which was not a supposable case, he had no doubt that he would be able to procure the stock.

As a question of figures, the case stood pretty much in this wise: The capital stock of the South Atlantic Company was \$1,200,000. Of this amount he was under contract to deliver \$800,000. He owned nearly enough to cover his deliveries to Tisdale. The rest was in the hands of his friends, directors and members of the company, and, as he believed, virtually under his control. There could be no doubt about his ability to comply with his contracts, and there was only a chance that he might lose some money.

He could not admit that there was even a chance to lose money. Even if the stock were not under his control, and if it should rise, Mr. Byars was a firm believer in the principle that any value which was not intrinsic could not be long maintained, and that the natural reaction would put it lower than ever. The artificial market, if one should be created, would soon be overthrown, and he would be able to buy at his own figures.

He gave the matter no further thought, until he heard some whispers on the street that caused him a little uneasiness, and he concluded that he had better go out and get some stock to cover his contract with Tisdale, who would expect him to deliver. His experience on that quest made him open his eyes pretty widely.

He first went to the vice-president of the company; but the vice-president had not a dollar's worth of stock. There was some sort of a panic, he said, and he had sold out at 80.

"What does that mean?" knowingly asked Byars. The vice-president did not understand it. He had heard that Mr. Byars and another large stockholder had sold out, and he had been glad to get rid of his stock at any price. Was it not true that Byars had sold out?

It was true. Byars replied, that he had sold more than he owned; but it was merely on speculation, and he knew nothing of any panic.

The next man to whom the broker went had also got rid of his stock. He had heard that Mr. Byars and Mr. Quackenboss had sold out, and had

been glad to get rid of it at any price for his share.

To sum up the matter, Mr. Byars discovered two-thirds of the capital stock had passed out of the hands of the original holders, and that those who still retained their interests were unwilling to sell. Either they had an absurd idea of the possible future value of the stock, or some motive that must be hostile to his interests caused them to hold it at a high figure. With considerable difficulty, and by paying a heavy price, he added to his own stock enough to make good his contract with Tisdale, and determined to ask an explanation of that individual when the time for delivery should come. But Tisdale happened to be called out of town, and a broker came with authority to receive the stock, to whom the seller grimly delivered it.

Then David Byars began to think that something was the matter.

He had had some experience, in a small way, in "corners;" but he had not yet seen an instance of a dead, unquotable stock being taken up, given life and activity, and made the subject of a grand speculation. He did not believe that anything of the kind was being done, and supposed that the holders would soon get tired of carrying a load of what nobody wanted, and would be glad to get rid of it. This belief was fostered by the fact that the stock did not make its appearance on "Change" for several days, and that the flurry seemed to have entirely subsided. He thought that it would be safe to wait and quietly pick up the stock where he could find it.

Then came the news, unexpectedly and suddenly, that both Houses of Congress had passed the Subsidy Bill, and that the South Atlantic Company was included in it.

This was like a clap of thunder from a clear sky. The passage of that Bill would at once send the stock up, and he was heavily under contract to deliver it, and none was available for delivery. He had been quietly and completely cornered, and his wrath was terrible when he made the discovery. He could see no chance for escape unless his friend Tisdale would come to his assistance with the stock that had been delivered to him, and he was beginning to suspect Tisdale, who remained out of sight, if not out of town. It seemed likely that a strong bull clique had combined against him, and that Tisdale was his leader.

He perceived that he must face the music, and wondered how the ball would open on "Change." In this respect he was soon satisfied. A game of pitch-and-toss was opened with the stock, and at the first call it stood at 120. David Byars opened his eyes, but had too much sense to buy at such a price. But the game proceeded, and the rate advanced until it touched 160. Greatly to the dismay of David Byars, the market was in a state of feverish excitement over that dead stock, and other values sympathized with its rise. He knew well enough that all the stock was held by a clique of speculators, who were tossing it from one to the other, that he would be unable to get hold of a dollar's worth except at such prices as they chose to demand, and that the game was only played for the purpose of victimizing him.

The next morning the papers quoted South Atlantic at 169, and spoke of the excitement in the market, and the extraordinary rise of the stock. There were also some unpleasant allusions to a "corner" that had been effected, and to a prominent broker and speculator who was largely "short" of that stock, and who was, therefore, in what might be termed a pretty tight place.

David Byars realized that he was in a pretty tight place when he received notice from those to whom he had sold to the effect that they would expect him to deliver. This meant that he must procure the stock at the ruinous rate then ruling, or confess his inability to complete his contract—which would be failure. It would be ruin to pay the difference, as it would be ruin to keep the letter of his contract, and he found himself forced to look failure right in the face.

This was not the only pressure upon him. He was constitutionally and by practice a bear, and had joined a party of his own stripe who were attempting to engineer a fall in Rock Island. This had been contrary to the advice of Tisdale, who had foreseen a buoyant market, and he found himself saddled with heavy engagements to sell a rising stock at a low figure. As the market became excited, his condition hourly grew worse, and he found himself, between the Scylla of South Atlantic and the Charybdis of Rock Island, threatened with ruin, absolute, utter and irretrievable. He could conceive of no possible escape from this calamity, unless it might be through the assistance of Peter Tisdale; and it was a very serious question whether Tisdale had not betrayed him. It was necessary that he should have a personal explanation with that gentleman, and he became anxious to see him.

CHAPTER XXVII.—WHAT PETER TISDALE WANTED.

JUST when David Byars was wishing to lay his eyes on Peter Tisdale, that individual walked into his office. There was nothing in his appearance or manner to indicate that he had been in any way connected with the operations in South Atlantic, and he took a seat and chatted on indifferent matters.

"You have got into a tight place with that South Atlantic business," said Byars, when he was unable to contain himself any longer.

"Do you think so?"

"Don't you know that I am in a tight place? I don't pretend to deny it."

"I have been out of town lately."

"But you have kept yourself posted about business on the street. Of course you have. What is the use of shuffling or talking around the matter? Was it not you who engineered that South Atlantic scheme?"

"There is one thing which you may be sure I helped to engineer, as I told you I intended to do. I bought a lot of South Atlantic from you, and said that I expected that Subsidy Bill to carry, and it did carry. My stock has gone up, and I can more than double my investment. You, who would not listen to my advice, saddled yourself with heavy engagements to sell short, instead of buying for the rise. I hope you don't blame me for your mistakes."

"That Bill would never have passed, unless corruption had been used."

"That depends somewhat, I suppose, on a proper definition of corruption, and it is not worth while to discuss that question. I can assure you that your Bill at Albany, for increasing the stock, will not be likely to pass unless something is done to grease the wheels of legislation; but I suppose you care nothing about it."

"You know very well that the passage of that subsidy Bill is not sufficient to account for the extraordinary movement in the stock. It has been brought up by a clique, who have engineered this rise, and who have got me in a corner."

"In a corner—that's the very word. You are in a very close corner. Well, what more could be expected? You had rather lose a fortune as a bear than make one as a bull, and such pleasures must be paid for. There's Rock Island, again. You

would not listen to my advice, but persisted in bearing the stock, and where are you now? Fairly up a tree, with all the bulls shaking their horns at you. It will cost you a pretty figure to get out of that scrape; but you might do so, without being seriously shaken, if you were not also saddled with your South Atlantic contracts. The two together are too much for you; but what could you expect? What is to be done with a man who is as obstinate as you are? He must be taught a lesson in some way, and he will learn in no school but that of experience."

"Suppose I admit that the lesson was a good one, and confess all my errors, and drop down as gracefully as I can, who will help to pick me up?"

"I am willing and able to help you."

"There would be no danger of exaggerating if I should try to tell you how glad I am to hear you say so; but I am not going to try. I was inclined to be afraid, at one time, that you were the leader of the clique that was operating against me, and that you desired my overthrow. It pleases me to hear that you are still my friend, and I hope that you will go on and tell me what I had better do, as I confess myself unequal to the emergency."

"Let me look the matter squarely in the face. You stand to lose heavily in Rock Island, unless there should be an absolute panic in that stock, which is not within the range of possibilities. If you can settle your South Atlantic engagements without a loss, you would be safely out of the scrape. Your contracts there cover six hundred thousand dollars, and it would cost you nearly that amount, at the present rate, to fill them. Worse than that—the stock is in the hands of the very parties to whom you have agreed to sell it, and they can exact their own figures. When you are obliged to sell people their own property at their own prices, that is hard lines in the way of a bargain. Those two speculations, to say nothing of your minor engagements, would sweep you clear, and there would be an end of the house of Byars & Wilson."

"I know that well enough. What good does it do to repeat it?"

"We must understand the disease before we can apply the remedy."

"The disease is plain enough. I know what the game is and where the advantage lies. The question is, what is to be done. If you have the stock I sold you—"

"That would not more than cover a third of your contracts. I propose to help you to do much better than that. I can control the whole affair, and I will engage that you shall have an absolute release from your South Atlantic contracts upon one condition."

"One condition! It must be a strange condition to be worth so much."

"On the contrary, it is a very small matter."

"I am waiting for you to name it."

"You have in your possession a little paper, that was issued irregularly, in connection with the firm of Elting & Co., of Memphis. If you will give me that, I will do what I have said."

(To be continued.)

GLADSTONE AND DISRAELI.

IT is many years since the British Parliament has been dissolved under such peculiar circumstances as have recently sent the members back to their constituents. In England it was so unexpected as to be considered in the light of a *coup d'état*, and a strong feeling of disapprobation exists, more or less loudly expressed both by Conservatives and Liberals, for it must be remembered that, despite the opinion of many whose judgment vindicates the wisdom of the Premier's decision, there is the inherent soreness every member feels at the trouble, uncertainty and expense of a new election. All admit the fact that it was necessary to dispel the feeling that had been rapidly growing in the public mind that the isolated defeats the Ministers have recently suffered are not exceptions, but indications of general unpopularity.

No political leaders are more distinct in their characters than the two statesmen now pitted against each other. In our previous sketch of the Conservative leader, we glanced at some of their salient points of difference. The eloquence of Disraeli is keen, light and polished, like a rapier. That of Gladstone partakes more of the weapon of his native land, the claymore. It has not the fine point or brilliant sarcasm of his rival, but it falls with heavier weight. In connection with this peculiarity of Disraeli, we will mention an incident which happened some thirty years ago, when Peel, Palmerston and Sir James Graham—the opener of Mazzini's letters—were the leading members of the British Cabinet. Disraeli was delivering one of his bitterest philippics against the Government, and had concentrated his choicest venom on the three Ministers before him. Peel, Graham and Palmerston were all seated in a row. Peel—with his knees crossed, arms folded, and hat low on his brow—and Graham squirmed at the vindictive Hebrew castigated them with all his malignity. He then turned his attention to the Jaunt Pam, as Lord Palmerston was generally called, and, while he was dealing one of his most telling blows upon him, Palmerston looked up at the brass chandelier above him, and blandly smiled. This assumed indifference was so truly comical that the house laughed, and spoiled the effect of the philippic, as far as Palmerston was concerned.

Palmerston, now and then, paid the great satirist a compliment, which he did not like. After one of his most ornate and striking orations, which was received with great applause by his side of the house, Palmerston paid him the humorous compliment of pronouncing "it one of the most promising speeches he had ever heard in the House of Commons, and that he trusted they would not consider him as egotistical if he added that it reminded him of the speeches he used himself to make forty years ago." As Disraeli was then traveling onwards to his fiftieth year, the effect was very amusing.

In person, Gladstone is above the medium height, and very angular. His voice is measured, stately and distinct. His face is very pronounced; forehead rather low; his countenance stern, with more of the Puritan Praise-God Barebones in it than the frankness of the English gentleman. His character is above reproach, and seldom has the British nation had a Premier who more thoroughly embodied its traditional respectability than W. E. Gladstone. The chief weakness of this very able man is his intense love of Greek. At one time he brought it into his speeches, but was soon laughed out of the foible. It is a singular coincidence that the late Earl Derby had a similar passion for the language of Homer, as his translation of the "Iliad" testifies. We must not forget to add that it was Mr. Gladstone who first exposed the cruelties of the King of Naples, popularly known as Bomba the First. His voluble describing and denouncing the sufferings of the liberal Neapolitans imprisoned by Bomba was sent by him to every court in Europe, and to all the principal newspapers in the world. For this act alone the name of Gladstone deserves the applause of mankind.

THE LEGISLATIVE TROUBLES IN TEXAS.

THE recent election held for Governor and members of the State Legislature in Texas was contested, when the Radical Party found that they were defeated by a majority of 50,000. Then the matter was referred to the Supreme Court of the State, and the election was declared void, because the polls were kept open but one day instead of four, as provided by the new Constitution.

The Democrats considered this decision after the Louisiana-Pinchback order, as the Grant Legislature voted to reduce the time of keeping the polls open and the Radicals agreed to it, and so they resolved to inaugurate their candidates, who had been duly elected by the people. This was done, and the members of the Legislature took their seats. By this time the old Governor ordered some colored troops to guard the Executive buildings, and the Travis Rifles the Capitol. At this juncture, while the white troops were marching through the street, the new Governor was declared elected by the new Legislature, and the soldiers at once reported to him. He ordered them to report to the Adjutant-General, and he placed them to guard all the legislative halls. Meanwhile Governor Davis called for more colored troops, and sent them to guard the Arsenal. The Mayor interfered, and the soldiers captured him, but Governor Davis released him. A general uprising was imminent, when Governor Davis surrendered under protest, and allowed the Secretary of State to deliver up the returns of the late election. During the troubles, Davis telegraphed to Washington for support, but General Grant declined to interfere, and the United States Attorney General is of the opinion that the stand taken by Davis cannot be legally sustained.

We give illustrations of the beating of the long roll at the tobaccoists', calling out the citizens; the attempted arrest of the Mayor by the colored men; the guard at the Governor's room, and a street scene of several prominent citizens holding consultation.

FANNY JANAUSCHEK.

MME. JANAUSCHEK was born in Prague, and the German language, in which she made her debut and achieved her fame as an actress, is as much a foreign speech to her as English. After struggling for several years with the difficulties which always beset an aspirant to fame, her genius was acknowledged, and her position as an artist of the highest promise secured in the very dawn of her career. Her first laurels were won in Frankfurt, in 1849, where she made her debut in Goethe's sublime poem "Iphigenia in Tauris," on the birthday of that immortal bard. From that period she has been the first in her line upon the German stage. The unusual nobility and integrity of this remarkable woman secured her also as much distinction in private as in public life. At Dresden, Weimar, Meiningen, St. Petersburg, and wherever she appeared, honors and presents were showered upon her. The jewels which she received in the Russian capital alone were valued at more than \$50,000, and one of the diamonds, weighing nine and half carats, is estimated to be worth \$11,000 in gold. It has been reset, and is worn by her in her *Mary Stuart*.

Some years ago Mme. Janauschek came to this country, bringing a dramatic company, with whom she made a successful tour through the principal cities of the North. She then first conceived the idea of studying English, and speaking before the American public in their own language.

In less than a year and a half she had acquired such control over a language which until then had been perfectly strange to her, that she made her debut in October, 1870, at the Academy of Music, with astonishing success. Holding her audiences spellbound by the marvelous fidelity to nature and unexampled force and intensity of passion displayed in her acting, she never betrayed by a single fault of accent that the language which she was speaking was so new to her.

Among her representations there is a remarkable little dramatic sketch, which is, perhaps, more than any other adapted to display the versatility of her genius and the thorough knowledge of her art. It is entitled "Come Here." It represents an actress applying to a manager for an engagement. Desiring to test her ability to act, he suggests, one after another, various situations, tragic, emotional, romantic and comic, in each of which the debutante has only to speak the words "Come here," with appropriate emphasis, inflection, and accompanying action. First, she must imagine herself a queen, who desires to summon an attendant. Then she must call a courier, and again graciously intimate in the same words to a brave and faithful general that she has some new honor to confer on him.

Mme. Janauschek will shortly appear at Booth's Theatre, and the New York public will then have an opportunity, for the first time in several years, to see her in her grand impersonations of *Medea*, *Hermione*, *Mary Stuart*, *Deborah*, *Lady Dedlock*, in "Chesney Wood," a dramatization of Dickens's "Bleak House," etc.

COON HUNTING IN NEW HAMPSHIRE.

HUNTING the festive coon, next to making maple sugar, is one of the chief industrial amusements of the young people in New Hampshire. A good dog and a fair night are important to a successful hunt, even for an expert marksman with a trusty rifle. But when the coon has been found, clinging to the darkest limb of the tallest tree, there is no telling when his decease will take place. A well-bred coon is difficult to reach. He keeps out of sight. He does not have nineteen rings around his tail for nothing. He knows how to steal corn, and encourage profanity in rural districts, and when the incipient member of Congress once swings his coon over his shoulder there is reason for rejoicing in the camp.

A SUBSTITUTE FOR LATHES.—Wire netting for plastering. It is said, is being introduced by builders in the East, and in Europe, to take the place of laths. It takes less labor to place on the walls, is more continuous and will not burn. Coarse netting with one inch mesh, and made of strong wire, is found to answer best. For ornamental cornice-work it is especially valuable, as it can be bent into any desired form. Secured to iron studding in a brick building, our greatest danger on account of fire would be removed.

PAPER INDUSTRY OF THE UNITED STATES.—During 1872 there were in operation in the United States 342 paper-mills, owned by 705 firms, and representing a value of \$33,000,000. In addition to this actual value of mill property, there is the usual working capital—22½ per cent. of the value of the mills—making the total capital invested in paper-making throughout the country about \$43,500,000. The mills employ 13,420 males and 7,700 female hands, besides 922 children—or a total of 22,042 laborers, whose wages amount to \$10,000,000. The production of these mills during the year was 317,387 tons, valued at \$66,454,823.

PERSONAL.

CARLYLE is seventy-eight.

EX-GOVERNOR WISE, of Virginia, is dangerously ill.

GLADSTONE has created forty-five peers during five years.

CHIEF JUSTICE WAITE is an Episcopalian, and has eleven children.

BANCROFT was Caleb Cushing's classmate, fifty-seven years ago.

A SON of Charles Dickens has recently been admitted to the bar.

BISHOP SIMPSON, of the Methodist Church, is on a visit to Mexico.

CHARLES FRANCIS ADAMS is said to be writing a historical work.

THE life of Agassiz, written by his wife, will soon be ready for publication.

MR. CHARLES G. LELAND is studying the language and customs of the Gypsies.

THE Duke of Edinburgh has been appointed a colonel in the Prussian Army.

STONEWALL JACKSON'S daughter, his only child, is a school in Charlotte, N. C.

THE Rev. O. B. Frothingham is writing a life of Theodore Parker for the Osgoods.

PRINCESS PIERRE BONAPARTE has opened a dressmaking establishment in London.

LORD CHIEF JUSTICE COCKBURN has resumed work on his series of articles on Junius.

THE Archbishop of Santiago says that female voices in a choir are dangerous to religion.

GENERAL PHIL SHERIDAN had his pocket picked of a gold watch at Albany the other day.

THE new Mayor of Liverpool, Mr. A. B. Walker, is to build a \$100,000 art-gallery in that city.

EVANS, the contractor who printed all the Confederate money, has died in a Georgia poor-house.

MISS CLARA GOTTSCHALK is in Paris giving performances of her brother's pianoforte compositions.

MR. DISRAELI is said to be writing another novel, in which he will deal with socialism and communism.

PRESIDENT ELLIOT calls the new Memorial Hall at Cambridge by far the grandest college-hall in the world.

MISS LOUISA M. ALCOCK has taken a house at the South End, Boston, where her father and mother reside with her.

THE King of Saxony leaves his throne to bring suit as a private individual against a Prague newspaper for libel.

PETER COOPER is to be tendered a reception at the Arcadian Club on the occasion of his birthday, in a few weeks.

MARK TWAIN lectured during four weeks, to crowded houses, in London, when the papers said that everybody was out of town.

THE most keenly-looking lady in Washington is said to be Madame Bertinatti, wife of the Italian Minister at the Hague.

PROFESSOR NOAH CRESNEY, of Amherst College, had a son born at the hour of Agassiz's death, and has named him after the great naturalist.

ROBERT COLLYER, the ex-blacksmith, who shakes hands like an earthquake, says that Abraham Lincoln was a disciple of Theodore Parker.

It is said that Charles Astor Bristed (Carl Benson) was the only man in America worth a million of dollars who was not afraid to say what he thought.

COLONEL JOHN HAY, of the New York Tribune, is about to marry Miss Clara Stone, daughter of Amasa Stone, of Cleveland, managing director of the Lake Shore Road.

MONTEUR CONWAY writes that five hundred ladies and a like number of gentlemen have agreed to form a club in London, where both sexes will have the same privileges.

FORNEY told a New York audience that Grant seems to think that, having been called to the Presidency as a reward for his great military services, he can do as he pleases.

THE Duke of Edinburgh and the Grand Duchess Marie will arrive in England in March, and his Royal Highness will present the bride to the Queen before receiving any public congratulations.

HILDA WIDEBERG, Maria Pettersen, Amy Aberg and Wilhelmina Soderlund are the four Swedish girls who are attracting so much attention in Paris by their quartet singing of Scandinavian melodies.

WILKIE COLLINS has been obliged to abandon his intended trip to the Pacific coast, as he cannot stand long railway rides. He will return to Boston, and give a series of farewell readings in New England.

WHEN Caleb Cushing was tutor in Harvard College, fifty-three years ago, he took his turn with the other tutors in praying in University Chapel. His prayers were short, and liked by the students.

CAPTAIN DAVID RITCHIE, of the United States Revenue Service, who saved nineteen persons at the wreck of the *Metis*, is dead. While in command of the *Moccasin* he captured the Cuban war-vessel *Pioneer*.

PERE HYACINTHE and his wife sent the Bishop of Nismes, in reply to his pastoral, their cards, on which were these words: "With our Christian pardon for the gross insults which you have heaped upon us."

MISS ADELAIDE NELSON's health greatly improved while in Florida, and she proposes to resume her professional labors early in the Spring. She will begin an engagement at Booth's Theatre on the 20th of April.

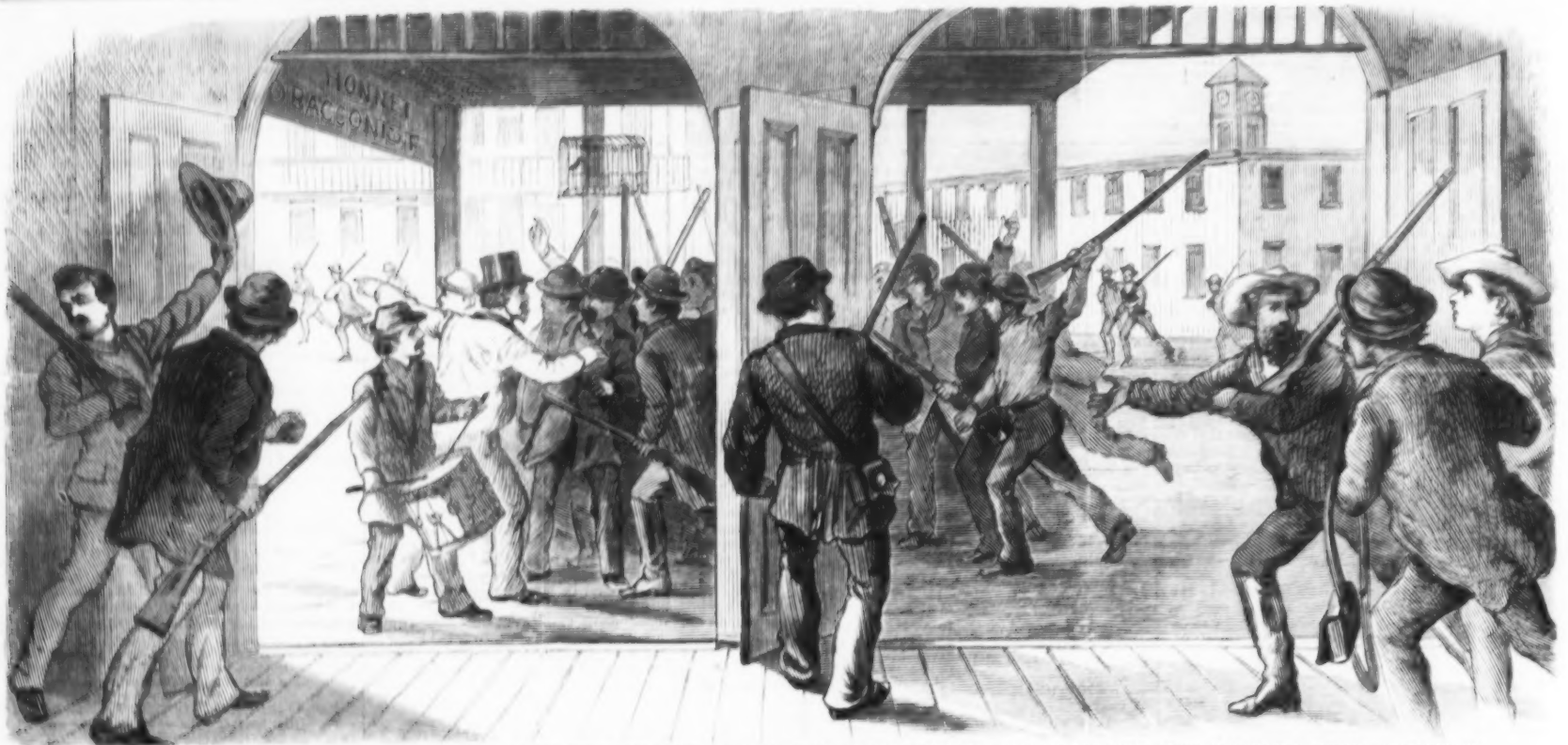
JOSEPH SMITH, son of the original Mormon leader, who rebelled against Brigham Young, is going to the old Mormon town, Nauvoo, Ill., and will publish a paper there. The place once had a population of 40,000 inhabitants. Now it has 16,000.

MR. FRANK B. CARPENTER has nearly finished his portrait of Lowell, for Cornell University, and is now engaged on a portrait of Professor Agassiz for the same institution. The order was given by President White, who will present it to the University.

CLARA MORRIS, the popular actress, used to live in Cleveland, O., where her salary was \$3 a week. The other day she appeared in the Academy of her native city amid great applause. Diamonds and flowers were given her. "If Cleveland had one mouth, I should like to kiss it," said she.

MISS EMILY FAITHFULL intends delivering her lecture on America in all the principal towns of England and Scotland. She is said to take a very fair view of American social and political life, and it is thought that her ideas will do much toward removing erroneous impressions in Great Britain.

PARKEA-ROSA's immediate ancestors embraced representatives of almost every civilized nationality of Europe. Her maternal grandfather was French, his wife was Welsh, while her mother, the great-grandmother of Euphrosyne, was a thoroughbred Muscovite. On her father's side Euphrosyne's grandmother was a daughter of a Turkish grand vizier, who had the honor of being strangled by his Sublime Sovereign, the Sultan.



TEXAS.—THE POLITICAL CONTEST AT AUSTIN.—GATHERING OF THE DEMOCRATS TO OUST THE RADICALS.—SOUNDING THE LONG ROLL AT THE CIGAR STORE IN CONGRESS STREET.—SKETCHED BY DOUGLAS E. JERROLD.—SEE PAGE 395.



THE TEXAS CONTEST.—RADICALS ARRESTING THE MAYOR OF AUSTIN.—SKETCHED BY DOUGLAS E. JERROLD.



Radicals guarding the Secretary of State's Office.

Democrats discussing the situation near the Raymond House.

INCIDENTS OF THE TEXAS CONTEST.—SKETCHED BY DOUGLAS E. JERROLD.



SEN. MATTHEW HALL CARPENTER, OF MILWAUKEE, U. S. SENATOR FROM WISCONSIN, AND VICE-PRESIDENT FOR THE.—PHOTOGRAPHED BY F. THOMPSON, ARTIST, WASHINGTON.—SEE EDITORIAL PAGE.



MADAME JANAUSCHEK, THE TRAGEDIENNE, IN HER CHARACTER OF "MELBA."—SEE PAGE 395.



GENERAL ELIE NAT, OF THE COMMITTEE OF SAFETY.

CHAMPIONS OF THE RED FLAG.

LEADERS OF THE "INDUSTRIAL PARTY" IN NEW YORK.

SINCE the collision between the police and workmen in Tompkins Square, much attention has been directed to the class of laboring men said

to have composed that large gathering. The trials, during the past week, of persons indicted for riotous conduct on that occasion, have increased the desire to learn somewhat of the *personnel* of the men who lead or direct these movements.

In presenting portraits and brief sketches of some whose names are already before the public, we premise by the statement that the following information was derived from the parties themselves. They claim the name of the "Industrial Party," and have for the object of their organization the elevation of all classes and conditions of society.

A principal feature of their constitution is the provision for a *referendum*: a system by which all laws, after customary legislation, may be referred directly to the people for approval.

They claim that the competitive theory should be abolished in favor of co-operation; that official salaries should be reduced to adequate compensation; that there should be a thorough nationalization of the public lands; that the Civil Service laws should be rigorously enforced, and that the General Government should give employment during a labor panic.

The Committee of Safety is composed of fifty persons, some of whom are positively Communists.

The following letter from a prominent member of the Committee of Safety further explains the object of the organization:

FRANK LESLIE, Esq. DEAR SIR.—The labor question is now beginning to assume great importance in America, so much so, that it requires the intelligence of the whole people to reason this question. One fact is apparent, that is, that the police cannot solve the problem with their clubs, nor can the Press smother it by bellying and ridiculing those who have been thrust to the front. We are living under a false system of laws, productive of conditions that must overthrow the whole system. So long as the laws are in the interest of the monopolist and the rich, the wealth will continue to flow into the coffers of the few, and the many to increase in poverty and misery. The system of laws is productive of all the evils that society is



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THEODORE H. BAKER

New York, February 1st, 1874.

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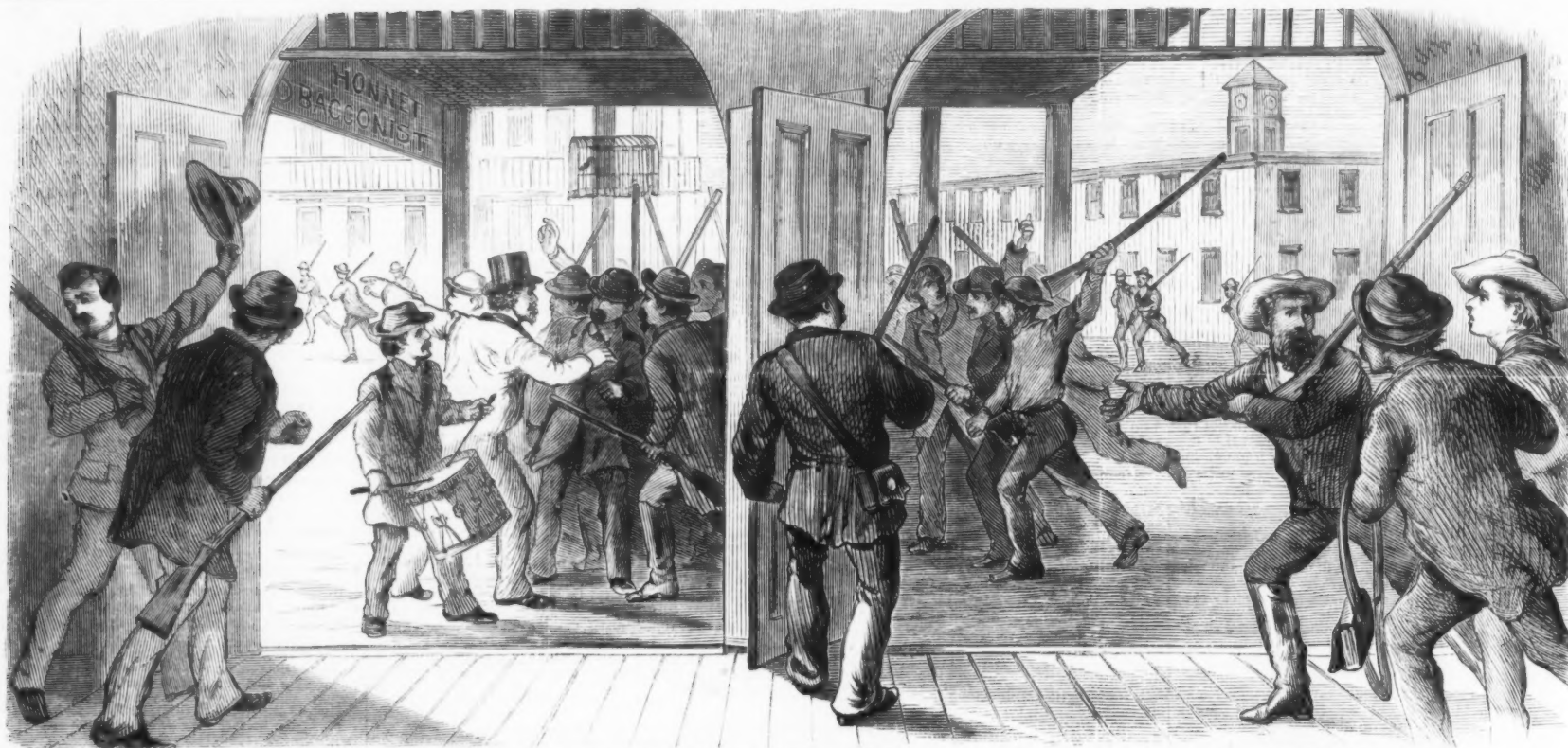
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FRANCOIS DUFOUR, FRENCH COMMUNIST.



FLEETLY SPORTS IN VERMONT.—COON-HUNTING.—SKETCHED BY W. E. ROBINSON.—SEE PAGE 396.



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FRANCOIS DUFOUR, FRENCH COMMUNIST.



FEBRUARY SPORTS IN VERMONT.—COON-HUNTING.—SKETCHED BY W. E. ROBINSON.—SEE PAGE 395.

International demonstration after the shooting of Kossel, and in several subsequent ones. He was arrested in Tompkins Square, and indicted by the Grand Jury for inciting a riot and making incendiary speeches.

THEODORE H. BANKS is a native of Nova Scotia, and now about thirty-one years of age. He has been in this country eleven years, and is a naturalized citizen of the United States. The last eight years of his life have been spent in New York City, where much of his time was devoted to arousing his fellow-workmen to the assertion of their rights. On taking up his residence here he joined the Painters' Association, and was shortly after elected President of Lodge No. 1. He was Marshal of the Painters Organization at the eight-hour demonstration. He has also attained the Presidency of the Grand Lodge of Painters in America.

P. J. McGUIRE was born in the Seventeenth Ward, New York City, July 6th, 1852—his parents having emigrated from Shercock, County Cavan, Ireland, two years previous. He graduated from Grammar School No. 19, and then began learning the trade of a piano-maker. He is a member of the Committee of Safety, and led the laborers to the City Hall on the 5th, and to Tompkins Square on the 8th ult. He is an organizer and speaker at all labor meetings.

GENERAL ELIE MAY was born in Paris, on the 10th of June, 1842. He served in the recent war against Prussia, in the Forty-fifth Regiment of the Line. On his return to Paris, on the 4th of September, 1870, he took an active part in the overthrow of the Second Empire, and in the establishment of the Republic. During the siege of Paris, he acted as a Captain, and on the 31st of October, 1870, when the people of Paris were excited against the members of the National Defense, he made prisoners, at the City Hall, of Jules Favre, Trochu, and the rest of their confederates. On the 18th of March, 1871, General May commanded the Twentieth Legion of Federals, composed of 17,000 infantry and six batteries of artillery. In this position he offered battle to the Versailles troops, but they declined, being afraid of the Communist force, and retreated. Flourens succeeded him in the command of the Twentieth Legion, and General May was appointed on the staff of General Fudes, with the rank of Colonel. While holding this rank he assisted in the sortie from Paris on the 2d of April. He was made General, and assigned to the Quartermaster Department of the Commune. When the Versailles troops entered Paris, General May defended the third arrondissement. He was wounded, and forced to fly to Geneva, with his brother Gustave, who was Quartermaster-General of the Commune. From Geneva they went to London, and thence to New York. General May was present at the battles of Reischaffen, Avron, Champigny, and all the engagements around Paris, as well as those waged by the Commune against Versailles, and had sentence of death passed upon him.

CHRISTIAN MAYER was arrested on the charge of assault with intent to kill, preferred by Sergeant Berghold, of the Seventeenth Precinct. It will be remembered that while the police were endeavoring to clear Tompkins Square, Mayer struck the Sergeant on the head with a heavy hammer. His case was called last week at the Court of General Sessions, and after the jury had been out several hours, the foreman reported that they could not agree upon a verdict. The jury was accordingly discharged, and Mayer remained for a new trial. He is said to possess no executive ability, and is more of an agitator than an organizer.

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SCOTCH papers are warning their readers that waste of coal is fuelish extravagance.

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"WHAT animal has the most brains?" "The hog. He has a hoghead full of 'em."

It was recently discovered that in one fashionable hotel the head clerk wore no diamond pin.

A MINISTER walked six miles to marry a couple lately. He said he felt a sort of fee-bill like. The groom saw it.

A BUTCHER recently found a shawl-pin in a cow he was cutting up into steaks. The animal had swallowed a milkmaid.

WHEN a Milwaukee paper remarked recently, "The lilac bushes are budding," a reader said excitedly, "You lilac Satan!"

MR. JUDIST is now a citizen of Cleveland. His name, as will be seen, was invented by a Welsh idiot with the delirium tremens.

A SOLDIER, during the war, was heard to pray, when the bullets were falling in showers, "Oh, Lord, make me as thin as a knife."

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